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CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	149
THE TRUTH ABOUT FULL EMPLOYMENT	152
HISS AND AMERICA'S MORAL CLIMATE. By Max Lerner	152
AN ELECTION DIARY. By Critic	153
THIS ENGLAND	154
THE YARN OF UNCLE FRED. By Sagittarius	154
GREECE: A SUMMING UP. By Basil Davidson	155
THE BARE COST OF LIVING. By Aylmer Vallance	155
SO THEY SAY . . . By Autolycus	156
THE CAPITAL OF CHESS. By Gerald Abrahams	157
MOUNTAIN FUNERAL. By Harry Soan	157
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:	Page
Mr. Redgrave's Hamlet. By T. C. Worsley	158
Walton's Violin Sonata. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	159
Sid Field. By J. B. Priestley	159
Television Notes. By W. E. Williams	159
The Movies. By William Whitebait	160
CORRESPONDENCE	160
From Gerald Bailey; L. E. Ball; Cicely M. Craven; John Ware; Douglas Young; The Bishop of Kimberley; Ivor Murray; and Sir A. M. Carr-Saunders.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Walter Allen	164
SEASONABLE THOUGHTS FOR INTELLECTUALS:	Page
AT PORTLAND. By C. Day Lewis	165
REVIEWS:	
Victim of Power Politics. By Alexander Werth	165
Box and Cox at Boulge. By Ralph Partridge	166
Personal Politics. By R. H. S. Crossman	166
Glowing Walls. By Walter Oakeshott	168
New Novels. By J. D. Scott	170
Laurel Crown. By Giles Romilly	171
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	172
CHESS. By Assiac	173

From Marshall to McMahon

MR. BEVIN is fond of telling how, when he heard at breakfast time the wireless report of Mr. Marshall's Harvard speech, he reached for his telephone and set the wires to Paris humming; the result was that Marshall Aid was transformed from a mere suggestion into a living reality. It is a pity that neither he nor Mr. Attlee has seen fit to respond with a similar alacrity to the speech delivered on February 2 by Senator McMahon, the Chairman of the Congressional Atomic Energy Commission. What he had to say was just as startling as Mr. Marshall's proposals, and the danger, which his plan is designed to meet, is very much greater than that which faced us in the summer of 1947. Yet a week has already passed without a word from Downing Street. Election or no election, Mr. Attlee surely cannot afford to let the British response go by default.

Senator McMahon began his statement with these words:

> Let me warn, with all the solemnity at my command, that the building of hydrogen bombs does not promise security for the United States. It only promises a negative result of averting, for a few months or years, a wellnigh certain catastrophe.

After asking whether free institutions can flourish in a situation where the United States must "ceaselessly be posed to meet an attack that might burn to death 50 million Americans, not in the space of an evening but in the matter of minutes," he went on to propose that each year for a period of five years the Congress should put aside two-thirds of its Arms Budget —ten billion dollars—for peaceful economic aid (administered, unlike E.R.P., by the United Nations) to all countries, including Russia. In exchange, it should demand: (1) An effective international control of atomic energy; and (2) a reduction by two-thirds in the armaments expenditure of all countries; this disarmament to be enforced by inspection.

We do not seek to minimise the difficulties inherent in such a proposal. Mr. Molotov, in Paris, turned down the Marshall Plan on the ground that it violated national sovereignty. The McMahon plan would be liable to precisely the same objection. Moreover, it is obvious that the kind of control of atomic energy and of disarmament which the Americans would demand goes far beyond Mr. Vyschinsky's plan of periodical inspection.

But such difficulties are unavoidable in any proposal for a return to sanity in international affairs. The one all-important fact to-day is that an American politician, responsible for the development of the H-bomb, solemnly put forward a proposal for averting catastrophe. Mr. Attlee stated last week that he did not desire "unduly to raise the hopes of peace of the common people." Surely this cannot be his last word.

Britain still holds the balance of world power. No country, as Mr. Churchill has so often emphasised, could dare to start a world war, so long as the British Commonwealth was squarely ranged on the other side. But equally, Britain can have a decisive influence in creating the conditions for a truce in the super-bomb race. We must welcome the McMahon plan and show ourselves ready to act as a mediator in the disagreements which negotiations would be bound to bring. Now that Russia has the bomb there is no chance that the Kremlin will accept any American proposal as it stands. If there is to be agreement both sides will have to make sacrifices on points which their military advisers hold to be absolutely essential to national security. It is here that we could play a decisive and disinterested role, since there is no security whatsoever for the British Isles without a disarmament convention.

We believe that it is Mr. Attlee's bounden duty to spare time from his election activities in order to consult with our neighbours in Western Europe and, together with them, to announce to President Truman our acceptance of the McMahon plan and our readiness to take part in immediate discussions with the Soviet Union. Meanwhile the individual voter can play his part. Each of us can ensure at the political meetings of all the parties that candidates are called upon to commit themselves one way or the other on the one issue—unmentioned in any party manifesto—which really matters to the future of civilisation.

Good Intentions and Optimism

The Council of O.E.E.C. ended its session, last week-end, with a statement of good intentions and an implied plea to Mr. Hoffman for more time. Further steps towards liberalisation of trade, in the form of a suggestion that the elimination of 75 per cent. of existing quota restrictions might be a target for the end of the year, were made conditional on the coming into operation of a new payments scheme for the adjustment of intra-European surpluses and deficits. There was no firm commitment, however, that such a scheme would be adopted. Its main requirements were outlined

by the Council, but no assurance was forthcoming that all members would participate. Indeed, unless the provision is dropped that debit balances must eventually be settled in gold, it is difficult to see how Britain could participate at all in such a plan.

Meanwhile, in its second report, O.E.E.C. has expressed the optimistic view that, when Marshall Aid ends, it should be possible "to maintain a flow of imports from North America adequate to the needs of the Western European economy." This re-assuring estimate, however, depends on the assumptions that there will be no slackening in the post-1947 rate of increase in Marshallised Europe's production; that more goods will be produced of types capable of being sold in the dollar area; that there will be no recession in the United States; that entry of an increased volume of European goods into the American market will not be barred by the American tariff; and that private American capital, from 1952 onwards, will be invested abroad on a large scale. The optimism is great, the assumptions still bigger.

Mr. McCloy on Germany

The speech delivered in Stuttgart last Monday by the American High Commissioner, Mr. McCloy, was a piece of lofty moralising. Germans, he said, would not help themselves out of their difficulties by agitation on foreign issues, or by seeking to split the Allied Powers; only by a "regenerated spirit" could they surmount their problems and realise "the great concept" of Germany's participation in the organisation of Western Europe.

All this would be much more impressive if the United States were not responsible for re-installing in Western Germany the old guard of property owners and for the adoption of the "free enterprise" policy which has helped to create in Western Germany the very problems at which Mr. McCloy is now alarmed. A Dusseldorf correspondent, who has access to all the facts and figures of working-class life, writes that there are now between six and seven million people in Western Germany—the unemployed, short-time workers and social insurance pensioners with their families—who cannot afford to buy any meat or enough milk and margarine for their diet. Then come about two million wage and salary earners whose incomes are less than 150 Westmarks a month; if they have children, they are in much the same case as the unemployed.

Taking these two classes together, not far short of one-third of the population of Western Germany is under-nourished. Yet in this situation there is talk in Governmental circles at Bonn of lightening the "social burden," by which is meant cutting unemployment and social insurance benefits and the pensions of disabled soldiers. Having pushed Western Germany into a *laissez-faire* policy, the American authorities have started a process which is being carried out, from the currency reform onwards, with peculiar brutality.

Permanent Unemployment?

The trade unions in Western Germany, adds our correspondent, dare not launch an all-round campaign for higher wages: currency reform swept away their reserves and their bank balances are growing very slowly. But the chief obstacle is the figure of unemployment—now close to the two million mark. What the unions are doing is to press for a share in the control of industry. The discussions at the recent Catholic Conference at Bochum revealed the popularity of this demand among the general public in the (mainly Catholic) Ruhr; the qualifications put forward by the higher clergy made no impression. This may encourage the Left wing of the Christian Democrats; but to fight effectively for workers' control is impossible amid overwhelming unemployment.

The calculation in governmental circles is that the present level of unemployment will be lasting. This is clear from the published comments of Mr. Hanes, O.E.E.C. representative, on a recent memorandum issued by the Bonn Government. He accused it of "defeatism" because it put the numbers of unemployed in 1951 and 1952 at about 1,800,000. But is this defeatism? It looks like deliberate policy. This, at least, is the conclusion drawn in the last issue of the *Deutsche Zeitung und Wirtschaftszeitung*, a fortnightly periodical published in Stuttgart by a group of independent economists who do not lean towards Socialism. They argue that mass unemployment, with the cutting down of mass purchasing power is the foundation of the Bonn system, and that the product of the misery and desperation caused by it is neo-Nazism.

Will Leopold Return?

Neither King Leopold nor his supporters seem ready to count the cost of forcing Belgium to choose for or against the King's return from self-imposed exile. What good end is served by Leopold's bitter determination to return? It now seems almost certain that the referendum will be held this spring, and although it is nominally a "consultation" of the people, upon which Parliament will have the last word, only a decisive vote against Leopold will be enough to deter his friends in Chamber and Senate from voting for his return.

Such a decisive vote may not be given. The country is more or less evenly divided, and the conflict over the King is only serving to widen the gap, not merely between Left and Right, but also between Flanders and Wallonia, Catholic and anti-clerical. The most reactionary groups in Belgian politics are lined up behind the King and are reinforcing his determination not to abdicate in favour of his son, at least until all hope of his return is lost. Such groups do not seem to care either about the long-term threat to Belgian unity involved in this adventure, nor about the short-term dangers of violence and social disruption. The campaign has already been marked by bitterness and intransigeance, and tempers will become higher as it proceeds. Leopold has not learnt the first lesson for a constitutional monarch: that his usefulness ends when he pushes himself into politics. And that is only one of Leopold's many faults.

"Imperium Italicum"

The embarkation of Italian troops for Somaliland recalls Hegel's dictum that every event appears twice in history, the first time as tragedy and the second as farce. The Italian Empire has been again established, in a modest way, this time by courtesy and not by aggression. The occasion has been marred, however, by the presence as "technical advisor" of General Nasi, whose appointment was defended last week by Count Sforza on the grounds that he was recommended as "an understanding and competent man." The General certainly has had experience of Italian colonial policy in the past, as is shown by his Abyssinian despatches, produced in the Chamber by the Communist Deputy, Gian Pajetta. There seems little doubt that General Nasi was responsible for the shooting of Abyssinian prisoners, including women and children; the telegrams report a number of such deliberate acts, as well as savage reprisals against hostile villages.

Although the Italian Government has hastened to insist that its Trusteeship in Somaliland will be civilian in character, and that General Nasi will shortly complete his technical duties, this incident casts an interesting light upon the care with which the de Gasperi Government scrutinises the records of men appointed to senior positions. Count Sforza may have taken the General on trust. But how far has such permeation by former henchmen of Mussolini gone?

The Lodge Amendment?

Will the constitutional amendment proposed by Senator Lodge and passed by the U.S. Senate last week ever become law? Even if it secures a two-thirds majority in the House, it still has to surmount the hurdle of ratification by a minimum of thirty-six State legislatures—a hurdle over which a number of amendments have come a cropper in the past.

On the face of it, the amendment is a good idea. The American President is now chosen by an electoral college, in which each State is represented by the same number of electors as it has Senators and Representatives. But the entire electoral vote of a State goes to the candidate with the greatest number of votes. Thus a Republican may win New York—and its forty-seven votes—by a tiny majority, and the two or three million ballots marked for the Democratic ticket are wasted. Only rarely has this system elected a President by a majority of the electoral college but a minority of the popular vote. Yet it meant that Governor Landon polled fifteen million votes in 1936 and secured only the eight electoral votes of Maine and Vermont.

The Lodge amendment would retain the electoral college as a formality. But the electoral votes of each State would be divided among the candidates in proportion to their share of the popular vote. This would mean, first, that all ballots counted towards the final result and, secondly, that the Democrats would no longer be able to rely upon the "solid South." Under the present system, votes cast for the Republican candidate in the South are really wasted, except as a gesture, just as Democratic votes are now wasted in Maine and Vermont. But the new system would permit the Republicans to pick up quite a few electoral votes from the Southern and Border States and might well lead to the revival of a genuine two-party system in the South—a thought which may lead Southern legislatures to reject the amendment.

There are good arguments for this reform. But the amendment also provides that the winning candidate must secure forty per cent. of the votes in the electoral college. If no candidate does this, Congress would choose between the two leading contenders. There are strong arguments against thus throwing the Presidency into the Congressional arena.

Russian Economic Progress

The newly published facts and figures on Soviet economic development in 1949—though scrappy in spots—provide a fairly good general picture of the progress made. The most impressive figures relate to agriculture. Output of grain is already very near the 1950 target of 128 million tons—much more than the Soviet Union produced before the war, and enough to provide her with a large export surplus. There is evidence, too, of the rational organisation of stockbreeding, with 120,000 new stockbreeding centres attached to the *kolkhozes* and *sovkhozes*. Lenin, in the early 'twenties, exclaimed: "If only I had 100,000 tractors to put into Russian agriculture!" Now one learns that, in 1949 alone, 150,000 new tractors have been provided, besides many thousands of other agricultural machines and motor vehicles. The figures relating to the R.S.F.S.R., i.e., Russia proper, suggest that the peasantry have certainly been impressed by the great 15-year plan of anti-drought afforestation: the programme for 1949 has been carried out nearly 200 per cent. In the Volga country, where drought has been an increasing menace—with at least one bad year in three—the peasants have taken up afforestation with particular enthusiasm.

In industry, practically all the plans for 1949 were fulfilled, and usually exceeded by 30 per cent. or more. On the other hand, less is said about consumption and the standard of living this year than a year ago. The impression one gets is that, owing to rearmament and the accumulation of food and other stocks by the State, the increase in the civilian consumption of food and manufactured goods by a progressive lowering of prices has been slower than was hoped for two years ago. Prices still remain high. The statistical report for 1949 merely speaks of "a further increase" in retail trade, but gives no figures.

French Socialists Quit

Our Paris Correspondent writes: On the face of it, it was only a *crisette*, not a *crise*. The Socialist parliamentary group, after the resignation of the five Socialist Ministers, including M. Moch, the Minister of the Interior, intends to "support loyally" the re-constituted Government of M. Bidault, as before. It is no secret that the quarrel over the cost-of-living bonus for the less-than-£5-a-weekers was a mere pretext. Towards the end of the negotiations between Bidault and the Socialists, the difference between them was over a mere £2 millions; and, after the Socialists had gone, Bidault graciously granted practically all that they had demanded before their resignation.

The Socialists left the Government largely because the rank-and-file of the party wished them to go. There is electoral competition with the Communists, and the local Socialist federations feel that they are in a better position to address the electorate if their leaders are outside the Government, and are not formally associated with either its wages policy, or its policy in Indochina. Hence, despite appearances, the present reshuffle is much more important than some of the recent "crises" in which one three-party Government was succeeded by another, merely under a different Premier. Now a "coalition" Government has in effect been succeeded by a "conservative" Government; for, although the Socialist ministers have often been accused of being "helpless partners" in these coalitions, they still acted as a moderating influence in some cases, e.g., in the handling of strikes. Now the Radicals and M.R.P. will be left to their own devices.

It is possible that, in the last analysis, the Socialists may have shrunk from the prospect of having to take part in a still more "active" policy in Indochina, and of being obliged to enforce an increasingly harsh anti-strike policy. It remains to be seen how long they will support the new Cabinet, and also whether, after its fall, they will reconsider "participation." Be that as it may, in general European terms this exclusion—or self-exclusion—of the Socialists from the French Government is a sign of the times. The drift towards the Right goes on.

Independence of the Critic

Editors and critics have not been alone in realising the importance of the issue involved in Miss Arnot Robertson's case against M.G.M. A considerable body of filmgoers fears that the integrity of newspaper and wireless criticism is challenged if film companies may bring pressure on newspaper editors or B.B.C. directors. More than £7,000 was readily collected to support Miss Robertson's appeal; it came not only from newspapers, but from a large number of small donors, many sending half-crowns or sixpences. No layman is competent to discuss the House of Lord's judgment rejecting Miss Robertson's appeal, but its social implications demand comment. In pointing out that a film company is justified in looking after its financial interests, Lord Porter and his colleagues do not in any way deny that the critic has also a property interest which may be gravely impaired by any doubt thrown on his or her reputation for integrity and freedom from pressure. Lord Porter emphasised that it was indeed the critic's job to improve the public taste and not to pander to false artistic standards. His judgment merely decided that M.G.M.'s intervention was not actuated by legal malice and did not constitute libel or slander. Miss Robertson was right to fight the case, because of the immense importance of checking, at its very inception, any threat to the critic's freedom. The case should now serve as a reminder that, whatever the legal position in a particular case, the independence of the critic must always rest on the sturdy refusal of the B.B.C. or newspaper editor to be bullied. We can think of at least one case in which a film company withheld press tickets from a film critic whose comments had annoyed it. But the newspaper stood by its critic and after some months the film company came to heel.

THE ELECTION: Marginal Comment

THE Liberals have now presented the electorate with two problems I personally find it almost impossible to solve. I realise that a Liberal National is no longer, in the true sense, a Liberal, but merely a vestibule through which one passes on into the Tory Party, but what are the Liberals who are not Tory in their general attitude? Does the new Manifesto speak for all anti-Tory Liberals? What is the relation to it of the Liberals round Sir Archibald Sinclair and Lady Violet Bonham-Carter? Did they help to draw it up? If so, why are they refused entry, as it were, into the Liberal broadcasting programme? Are all the Liberal candidates followers of Mr. Clement Davies and Sir Andrew McFadyean? We really need a Liberal genealogical tree to explain to us the family interrelationships, and just who is now on speaking terms with whom.

And to whom is the programme intended to make a serious appeal? The claim to be the party of the whole nation, and not of one class only, is, of course, an essential element in the rhetoric of all party manifestos. No electorate, I suspect, will turn in a solid phalanx towards the Liberal Party in order to secure the single transferable vote. But most of what remains reads like a blast on the trumpet which called the troops together in those far-off days when Mr. Asquith was Prime Minister. There is the promise to put a stop to further nationalisation. They will end the food subsidies; and they will end rationing, save where goods are in short supply. (But what of the cases, where, as with sweets, the return of a free market results in shortage?) And what evidence have the Liberals that the creation of separate Parliaments for Wales and Scotland add one ton to the volume of production, or abridge by ten pounds the size of the dollar-gap by 1952?

The rest is commonplace which Mr. R. A. Butler, though not, perhaps, Sir Waldron Smithers, would certainly underwrite. We must make the most of our resources. We must mechanise agriculture. We must do out utmost to re-equip our industries. We must prevent restrictive practices, and enable the workers to have a sense of partnership in industry. Naturally, there is praise for speedy return to multilateral trading. Being the originators of social security, the Liberals will, naturally, cling to it. Their inspiration will be drawn from justice and personal liberty, so that all the administrative powers will be subject to judicial scrutiny. (Have the Liberals ever read Mr. Asquith's admirable speech of 1912 on the dangers of judicial review?) They are, of course, in favour of full employment. They hope to lower the costs of Government, and to this end they propose to suppress some ten unnecessary Ministries, and remake the Cabinet into a body of about twelve Ministers, mostly freed from departmental duties. Then there are pledges of equal pay and of speeding up the work of Western European unity.

After all the immense labours about which we have heard, the labours of the mountain do not really seem to have produced a very large mouse. Lady Megan Lloyd-George has told us that this is a "Left-wing" alternative to Labour. She has no faith in the Tories, who will always be the Party of privilege. Here, therefore, is the working man's chance. There are many fine Liberals, with noble intentions; but I think they ought to tell the authors of their election programme that, in essence, it is a burial service, with a rather thin funeral sermon thrown in.

HAROLD J. LASKI

The Truth About Full Employment

THE Tories are busy putting it about that the full employment which Great Britain has enjoyed since 1945 is due, not to the policy of the Labour Government, but simply and solely to American aid. It is, of course, true that without such aid it would have been difficult, perhaps impossible, to maintain full employment—at all events without some reduction in standards of living. That, however, is not to say that we owe full employment to American bounty; otherwise the same benefits would have been visible in other European countries which, at least equally with Britain, have had their economies upheld by American aid. The inflow of dollars into Europe has not prevented the occurrence of severe unemployment either in Italy or in Belgium; nor has it, in either France or Western Germany, prevented a decline in working-class standards of living which Britain has so far happily escaped.

This country, in short, has been able to maintain both full employment and a relatively high standard of living because the Labour Government has made these things its primary objectives and has, generally speaking, used American aid in ways calculated to ensure them. Had we, like the Italians and the Belgians, listened to orthodox financiers, we should have thrown over the policy of "fair shares" secured by the maintenance of the essential controls. In that case we should doubtless have pleased some reactionary sections of American opinion, and in this country the Government would also have been praised by City editors in the press. But by such a policy the Government would have thrown a great many people out of work, and have achieved much less than it has achieved towards redressing our balance of payments. Many more scarce dollars would have been wasted on inessential imports; the consumption of the rich would have gone up, and that of the poor down; and there would have been a head-on conflict with the trade unions. Even if this had resulted in their defeat, it would have involved a slump in production and a bitter class conflict in place of the industrial peace we have enjoyed.

Given the difficulties we have had in balancing our overseas accounts, we could only secure both full employment and a tolerable standard of living for the population by carrying out an intelligent financial policy. We had to ensure a sufficient outflow of capital and credit to make it worth the while of business men to employ all the labour they could get, and at the same time to control the use of the money thus made available in such a way as to prevent its dissipation in non-essential expenditure. High taxation of large incomes, limitation of dividend distributions out of inflated profits, and the expansion of social services to ensure a large measure of income redistribution were all essential parts of this policy. The Government's financial policy has been denounced as "inflationary" precisely because it has been designed to secure full employment and to protect the working classes against the wage-cuts that would follow if there were too many men seeking too few jobs. Controls designed to ensure priority for the more urgent national tasks of reconstruction and for the rebuilding of exports have been denounced as a stifling of enterprise precisely because they have prevented the rich from getting what they wanted in the way of luxury goods, and the business men from using their resources as they pleased to reap profits irrespective of national needs. Similarly, high taxation on large incomes and on company profits has been attacked as destructive of "incentives" when in fact the only incentives it has restricted have been those which would have annihilated our prospects of long-term economic recovery and of escape from perpetual dependence on American charity.

This is not to say that we are safe from an unemployment crisis if the Labour Government secures a renewed lease of power. The British economy remains highly vulnerable, and any serious recession in the United States would plunge us, as well as many other countries, into very great economic difficulties. We are, however, much less exposed to such a danger than we should have been if our policy had been different over the past five years; less exposed, too, than other countries which have done much less than we have either to improve the distribution of spendable incomes or to reduce their dependence on dollar sources of supply. If the Tories, instead of the Labour Party, had been returned to power in 1945, we should now be a great deal more dependent on the United States than we are, with much less prospect of escaping from this dependence within any foreseeable future.

There is, indeed, only one sense in which it is true, as the Tories are now alleging, that the condition of full employment which has existed here since 1945 has not been of the Labour Government's making. What is true is that the Labour Government has not been under the necessity of putting into effect the remedial policies of public works and "deficit financing" which are now regarded as respectable means of combating a depression that has actually occurred. The need to resort to such measures might arise at any time, in face of a really serious American depression; but it has not arisen so far. Last year's recession in the United States was checked just in time; and we have so far enjoyed a seller's market. Even so, however, the Government can fairly claim that its whole policy has been directed to ensuring the basic conditions needed for keeping the demand for labour equal to the supply, while stability has been ensured by such disinflationary measures as are consistent with this fundamental aim. Without American aid, this policy could still have been pursued; but it would have involved, as the price of full employment, a much lower standard of living for the mass of the people than we have actually been able to secure.

Hiss and America's Moral Climate

SYMANIA, the most virulent American disease in the Age of the Snoop, received a powerful re-inforcement when a jury of his peers found Alger Hiss guilty of perjury. The following week President Truman announced the decision to go on with the building of the hydrogen-bomb, known now as the Hell-bomb. I do not say that these events were casually related, but I do say that they came out of the same moral atmosphere.

It is not an atmosphere in which American progressivism is likely to thrive. All political questions aside, the Hiss-Chambers episode is one of the most desolating personal tragedies of our time. It would be so if the political role of the two men were reversed, or even if the verdict had been different. It is a tragedy of talent destroyed, lives wrecked, the human relation corroded. Yet the political questions refuse to stay thrust aside.

Most Americans accepted the press verdict on Alger Hiss months before the jury verdict was rendered. As Red-haters they were willing to condemn anyone denounced as a Red with so much circumstantial detail. On the other side were the emotional New Dealers who have bristlingly defended Hiss to the end, on the theory that no prominent New Dealer could have done wrong, and that any accusation against him must be a nefarious plot linked with the Fascists. They have reserved their rancour for Chambers, as a renegade spy and a stool-pigeon.

There is, however, a third group which includes a number of Fair Dealers and even some Republicans. Their common ground is the effort to judge the case non-politically and without vindictiveness. They are more concerned about its effect on the American moral climate than they are about whose record is Red or whose face is red. Some of them accept the Hiss conviction as the only one a fair-minded jury could have reached on the basis of the evidence. This is true, for example, of the editorial page of two New York newspapers—that of the *Herald-Tribune* on the Republican side, and that of the *Post* on the Fair Deal side—and of the summary of the trial by the *Nation's* seasoned political reporter, Robert A. Bendiner.

Some others of this group, however—and I count myself among them—make a sharp distinction between the legal verdict the jury has rendered, and the moral verdict each American must still render for himself. Was Alger Hiss guilty of perjury, which in this context means guilty of having been a secret Communist Party member and a spy in the service of the Soviet Union while he was a State Department official? My own answer would be one of neither guilt nor innocence, but the Scottish verdict which, alas, we do not have in American courts of law—Not Proven.

Does this mean that Hiss did not get a fair trial? In the technical judicial sense, both his trials were fair. Judge Kaufman in the first trial had a strict construction of what evidence was admissible, and Judge Goddard in the second had a liberal construction, but they applied their rulings equally to both sides. The jury were middle-class, middle-of-the-road men

and women. The unfairness lay not inside the courtroom but outside. When the jury disagreed in the first trial, there were demands in Congress for the impeachment of the Judge, and the few jurors who had held out against a verdict of Guilty were subjected to a campaign of press vilification, a barrage of phone-calls and poison-letters, which added up to little short of a social lynching. Assuming there were several jurors in the second trial who may have felt that Hiss's guilt had not been established beyond reasonable doubt, they would have been asking for martyrdom to say so and again force a jury disagreement.

The reasonable doubt about Hiss's guilt still rests, from where I sit, on the puzzle presented by the personalities of the two men. Chambers, the confessed and reformed spy courier for the Russians, admitted he had told a series of lies in the past. The problem of his credibility can be put simply: were they the deliberate lies told as a Communist, and later, to cover up his tracks and give Hiss time to repent? Or were they the compulsive lies of a "psychopathic personality," as traced in Court by two defence psychiatrists?

On Hiss's side, several versions are possible. Chambers implies Hiss acted out of a motive of mistaken enthusiasm for the Soviet cause. But the personality-pattern and known life-history of Hiss simply don't fit into the mould of the familiar Communist intellectual. He had always seemed, even to his closest friends, not an enthusiast but a cold and correct careerist, ambitious and unfanatic. Even as a New Dealer he was a cautious one. He may have played around the edges of the Communist Party and, finding himself scorched, withdrawn. Or he may have worked within it but left it at the time of the Nazi-Soviet pact in 1939. Or he may have been exactly what he says he was—wholly innocent. Or he may have been and done all that Chambers says.

The trouble is that, if Chambers is right, Hiss was and is one of the most accomplished actors in history, who has lived a consummate falsehood for at least fifteen years. But, if Hiss is right, Chambers is one of the most creative novelists in history, with a depth of literary and psychological insight and a capacity for vivid and symbolic detail which only a Dostoievski could have matched. My own hunch is that both men have been wearing masks, that Hiss has something of the deadpan actor in him and Chambers something of the tortured novelist. Beyond that I cannot fathom the case.

In one sense, of course, it is the New Deal that has been on trial. That is what has given the case its quality of political dynamite. The biggest asset the Fair Deal has to-day is the memory of Franklin Roosevelt and his achievement. Westbrook Pegler, John T. Flynn, Fulton Lewis and a host of other hysterics on the Right have been trying to break the Roosevelt image, like mice gnawing away at the scaffolding around a new statue. The House Committee on Un-American Activities, and the Hearst and Scripps-Howard news-chains, have joined in the effort. Chambers, once he had denounced Hiss, found himself drawn into the vortex until he had to reveal the famous "Pumpkin Papers" which he had kept secret for years. Hiss (very much as in the Oscar Wilde case) started the libel action which resulted in his own perjury conviction, unable to stop once he had started. The public appetite for sensation grew on what it fed. And, most of all, the hate-the-New-Dealers saw their chance to link an F.D.R. lieutenant, who had accompanied him to Yalta and was one of the architects of Uno, with Russian espionage.

The truth is, of course, that even a guilty Hiss would not prove anything about the New Deal, except that in the dark decade of the 1930's, when the looming shadow was that of Fascism, there was an American Popular Front which enveloped liberals of all shades, including the Communists. One of the illusions of that decade was that, whatever the faults of Russia as shown by the purge trials, Communism was the vanguard of less disciplined movements on the Left. This illusion has now burst like a bubble, but what has made it burst is less the spy-hunts and the denunciations than the realities of Russian foreign policy.

The reactionaries of Congress and the press and the radio, who are coming to be called the Know-Nothings, are dangerous to the progressive cause, and their effort to stretch the Hiss verdict into a Guilty verdict for F.D.R. and the New Deal is bound to bear some sinister fruit. But the real danger goes far beyond them. It is the danger that flows from the spymania and the hysterical fear of Fifth Columns. It is the moral atmosphere in which every man suspects that the man sitting at the next desk to his in the office, working next to him in the machine-shop or research laboratory, praying next to him in church, may be either a Soviet spy or a plant of the political police. It is the atmosphere in which former friends may at any moment turn into pursuer and pursued, denouncer and denounced. What is most tragic is that the Truman Administration has in large part been responsible for creating such an unhealthy political climate.

I think that many Americans have felt sick at heart about this, and about the cowardice of many former liberals who have succumbed to fear and run for cover. That is one reason why Secretary Acheson's courage in his press statement after the Hiss verdict has called forth a deep response. Acheson spoke as one "who has known Alger Hiss" and who therefore "has upon his conscience the very serious task of deciding what his attitude is and what his conduct should be." Using "standards and principles . . . stated for us a very long time ago . . . on the Mount of Olives," Acheson made his stand clear. "Whatever the outcome of any appeal which Mr. Hiss . . . may take, I do not intend to turn my back on Alger Hiss." Sophisticates like Henry Luce, of *Time*, along with the rabble of Know-Nothings, have tried to pounce on this statement and a somewhat similar one by Eleanor Roosevelt in order to make anti-Fair Deal capital out of it. But for once a clearly uttered defiance, with the courage that Ernest Hemingway once defined as "grace under pressure," has cut across the moral miasma of Spymanialand. Curiously it has strengthened, rather than weakened, Acheson's position.

That is a lesson the Fair Deal will have to learn.

New York. MAX LERNER

An Election Diary

I HEARD a Fleet Street editor last week complain that, though the press was doing its best, it had not yet succeeded in "hotting-up" the electorate. Since then Mr. Churchill, Mr. Bevan and others have also been plying the bellows. My impression, from a few days of speaking and gossiping, mostly in the Birmingham area, is that the public remains obstinately cool. What is to excite it? If the Conservatives had stood in the last ditch waving a free enterprise flag and boldly saying that they believed in the whip of hunger and the carrot of high profits, then there would have been some excitement; but as Mr. Churchill, on paper at least, has given in to Mr. Butler and "me-too-ism," the Conservatives are also declaring for a Welfare State (even if for rather less welfare) and there is not much that is positive for Tories to say. To visit Tory headquarters is rather like asking to see the manager at the bank; the officials wear black coats and pin-striped trousers and are very polite—the machine has a very efficient engine, but I'm not sure what fuel it is running on. Mr. Eden made the best Conservative case on the wireless; when analysed, however, it was almost entirely a promise that in office the Tories will leave off doing what Labour is doing. But he made it sound like a positive policy. The fact that Mr. Eden used every cliché (to quote an old Churchillism) except "please adjust your dress," did not make his broadcast any less effective among people who are easily soothed with the familiar.

* * *

Labour must expect to lose a number of dormitory and mixed, partly middle-class, constituencies, but it is likely to do even better in rural areas where, I think, the memory of misery is even keener than in factory towns, and where the war has produced an entirely new relationship between farmer and labourer. Farmers, after all, have never been so prosperous, while conditions for agricultural workers have been transformed. In one country town the few hunting, shooting and fishing people among the audience seemed to me bewildered rather than angry at being regarded as no better than their neighbours. Party meetings in rural areas can often be made more like W.E.A. classes than anything else. The great thing at all these small educative meetings (as opposed, of course, to mass demonstrations where the heckler must be quickly scored off) is to make as much as possible out of the questions. Those who ask them should be flattered and congratulated on their acumen. Questions are the pegs on which useful discourse may be hung. The short, sharp answer that makes an immediate hit is often most effective if it comes from the audience. At one Birmingham meeting, for instance, a girl who asked an obviously set question, designed to suggest that there is still, under Labour, a Means Test, was first put right on facts with great effect from the platform and then squashed—so it seemed to me—perfectly flat by another girl who got up in the audience and said that, although she had many criticisms to make of the Labour Party, she would vote for Labour because her mother was

in actual fact killed by the Means Test. Again, when questions were asked about the inadequacy of school accommodation, the shattering answer came from the floor, where a still youngish man said that he had earned a scholarship when he was a boy which he could not use because his father was too poor, whereas this year his own son had won a scholarship and, though he could not afford University expense any more than his father could, the Government had paid for the lad to go to Cambridge. The applause won by such personal testimony is worth miles of authoritative statistics read out on the platform.

* * *

Faced with the problem of a hostile press, Ministers can do one of two things—they can make unexceptional utterances which the newspapers ignore or they can make cracks and quips which will ensure them unfavourable publicity. Two nights running in the Birmingham area, Nye Bevan infuriated many people—on this occasion I think unnecessarily—by saying that it was scarcely worth while Ministers wasting their time making speeches since the public would vote Labour anyway! Then he went on to give a brilliant, factual account of his achievement in housing. It is, in fact, a remarkable achievement, though it would look better if he had not at an earlier stage promised too much and underestimated the difficulties. In Birmingham, Coventry and all such rapidly expanding towns the difficulties seem, in fact, almost insoluble. The problem has often not much to do with the Minister. I learned from the responsible authorities in Birmingham that the Ministry has never refused them licences for any houses that they asked to build; they have, indeed, thousands of licences they have not taken up. Some 50,000 people are on the waiting list (perhaps 20,000 of them urgent cases). The chief reason here is not that the Ministry has had to cut the capital cost of building, but that for the whole of Birmingham the labour force available for house-building is not more than 1,300. Why? Because workers prefer the warmth and company in factories to slopping about in the cold and wet with bricks and mortar. The existing labour force is not big enough to keep up with the growth of the population, let alone begin the terrific job of rebuilding slums. Added to which the most important point of all, mentioned by Stafford Cripps, but not emphasised as it might be by most Labour speakers, is the fact that Nye Bevan's record of more than a million new homes, built since the war, only seems inadequate because the workers are so prosperous. When people are in work with good wages they can afford to marry and pay for decent accommodation.

* * *

The whole election, some say, is unreal—mere shadow-boxing between two parties which are both evading economic realities. There is, of course, evasion, but if it were the only unreality of the election I'd be happy. After all, the issue of whether we return as far as possible to jungle economics or go on trying to control our economy and share our necessities is a basic issue; it will be more, not less, important, if Marshall Aid finishes in 1952. To me the election feels unreal for a different reason. Foreign politics are seldom an electoral issue, yet most of us are aware that everything else is comparatively trivial. If we do not discuss the H-bomb, is it because it is not a party issue or only because we find it too appalling a problem to think about? An expert article in *The Times* on January 27 went so far as to say that:

> There seems, however, little doubt that within a few decades, if not a few years, it will be possible for any Power with modern industrial resources to destroy the world as we know it.

If that is so, our party politics, as Dr. Garbett says, "are games of children playing on the sands." When the tide has passed, the children will have disappeared as well as the sand castles.

* * *

The easy temptation is to say that it is too late and that, in any case, we are helpless. The reason for rejecting this view is, I think, very well put in the interesting editorial notes of the current issue of the *Political Quarterly*. The editors argue that we are to-day in a situation like that of 1910 and 1933, in which events are carrying our statesmen and us towards war between two great groups of hostile States, but because no one actually wants war there is still a chance that a fresh approach might prevent it.

> The stream of events, one damned thing after another, never stops and they are caught in it. What they see before them is the immediate event, the immediate situation, about which they have to do something. What they do is determined by what they did before, and they do the same thing over again and call it their "policy." That is why statesmen and other great men nearly always allow themselves to be controlled by events instead of controlling them, and so bring disaster upon their countries and themselves. It is only if the disaster is big enough that history calls them great men.

That is surely very fairly put. The Foreign Office machines in each of the big countries go on working whatever Minister is in charge. New hopes are born of each new Minister, but within a few months he becomes engulfed in the day-by-day routine and ceases to be capable of any real initiative. I have the most vivid memory of what Mr. Bevin said, I am sure in all sincerity, at the Labour Party Conference in May, 1945, and what I heard him say, with equal confidence, after a few months of daily contact with the official machine.

* * *

A correspondent calls my attention to the statement of Mr. Lewis Johnson, America's Defence Secretary, that "Joe Stalin will know that if he starts something at 4 a.m. the fighting power of the United States will be on the job at 5 a.m." Her comment runs thus:

> If Joe at 3.30 starts push-button war,
> The U.S. Defence Force will strike back by 4;
> Unless a Defence Force by chance should arrive,
> Forestalling aggression at 3.25.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD

Unless the result of the General Election is disastrous this hotel will re-open on 1st March, 1950. . . . Bridge players specially welcome.—Advt. of Sussex hotel. (J. N. Stirling.)

The King's horses are learning the "Marseillaise" by radiogram in honour of the visit to London on March 17 of M. Vincent Auriol, the French President.—*Daily Mail*. (S. A. Jay.)

Beauty News For Election Canvassers.—Beanie hats are excellent as they snuggle down close to the ears and a gay scarf will not only protect your head but if the pattern is unusual it will attract the eye of the voter.—*Daily Telegraph*. (Olga Spencer.)

If you are tired of the ordinary holiday, charter my crew and yacht and go where you will; no frills, no luxuries, plain solid living, but absolute freedom from the world; terms 100gns. per week; if with companion, 130gns. per week.—Advt. in *The Times*. (H. R. Francis.)

He described Liberalism as having a religious building on one side and an inn, or "local," on the other side. This, he said, pointed to duty to God on the one hand and duty to our neighbour on the other hand.—*Aldershot News*. (E. Davidge.)

THE YARN OF UNCLE FRED

Lord Woolton is known as Uncle Fred at Conservative H.Q.—*News item.*

'Twas where the signpost pointed Right,
Along the road I went,
And seated there in the Chairman's chair
Was an elderly Tory gent.

His form was portly, his smile was wide,
His name was Uncle Fred,
And a yarn he span on the Tory Plan,
And this is what he said.

"O, substantial cuts in the costs of State
Our revenue will swell,
And we'll grant extensions of Government pensions,
And tax relief as well.

"*And* denationalise, *and* desubsidise
And living costs reduce,
And guarantee State services free,
And milk *and* orange juice."

And he clapped his hands and he winked his eye,
And he waved the Tory Guide—
He began to alarm me—I thought he'd gone barmy,
But quietly I replied:

"O elderly gent, it's little I know,
So will you kindly tell
How you'll grant extensions on Government pensions
And tax relief as well?

"*And* denationalise *and* desubsidise,
And living costs reduce,
And guarantee State benefits free,
And milk *and* orange juice.

"Pray say how it's done, Conservative gent?"
But then he shook his head;
"Just wait and see, till we're in," said he,
"You leave it to Uncle Fred."

So what was meant by the elderly gent
Must long remain unknown,
For I left the Tory while he told his story
Like a wound-up gramophone.

"O, substantial cuts in the costs of State
Our revenue will swell,
And we'll grant extensions of Government pensions
And tax relief as well. . . ."

SAGITTARIUS

Greece: A Summing Up

IT is characteristic of the politics of Athens that the formation of the Theotokis "caretaker" Cabinet should be followed by a burst of brilliant scandals. Mr. Mitsialis, a Liberal Member of Parliament, has been arrested with 750 gold watches and 1,550 chains of precious metal smuggled from abroad. The Ministry of Mercantile Marine has denounced two of its officials for similar smuggling on such a scale that the State is said to have been losing about 3,000 million drachmae a month in Customs duties. New brooms in the Ministry of National Economy have discovered that a consultative committee on foreign trade has thought it necessary to employ no fewer than 545 members at 10,000 drachmae a day. At the Ministry of Transport the incoming Minister found that his predecessor was so busy that he needed a hundred and eighty private secretaries.

There is nothing new in this diligent "downing of the outs," for it has occurred on every occasion that the honey-pot of government patronage has changed hands since 1945. Where a chief object of acquiring office appears to be the making of as much money for oneself as a usually brief innings will allow, the exposure of one's predecessors becomes a recognised part of the game. Nobody in Athens supposes that in the ordinary run of events there is anything personal in these well-timed exposures; they carry no moral condemnation or social stigma, and are rarely followed by any legal action. The exposers, after all, are almost certain to become the exposed before many months are out. In this universal glasshouse it is unsafe to throw heavy stones.

Is anything good to be hoped of a regime as self-confessedly corrupt as this? Consider for a moment under what conditions the coming General Election of March 5 will be held. Martial law was formally raised on December 30, but—with concentration camps—remains effectively in force for all suspected of "subversive activities." No Left-wing party is running candidates, except a small and browbeaten Socialist Party which the last few years have robbed of much of its prestige. Although mass movements of population have occurred since 1946, the authorities have made no serious revision of the electoral rolls. Wide areas of the countryside are still dominated by Right-wing bands. More than 50,000 adults are in gaol or island exile. Others suspected of Left views are liable to join them from day to day, or whenever the police may find it convenient to arrest them. The trade union movement is demoralised and tied by its "leaders" to the Right-wing parties. All that these elections are likely to produce is the displacement of one section of the ruling oligarchy by another. With this difference: the new Parliament is generally expected to reflect the desire of the Court, the General Staff, and powerful American influences for a "strong Government" modelled on Metaxist lines. Newspapers under direct Army influence, for example, are now foremost in the campaign against the outgoing Populists.

All this being so, any talk of the regime "settling down" and growing gradually into democratic ways—of the chance for moderation and the middle way now that "the Communist menace is defeated"—seems little more than nonsense. Circumstances are such that "the Communist menace," at any rate as interpreted in Athens, is identical with any demand for a little scope for democracy and genuine self-government. The unpalatable fact must be faced that there is little but systematic corruption, coercion, and unpenalised crime to be looked for from the regime which the Western Powers have imposed on Greece. Only a radical change of Western policy can better this uninviting prospect.

Since strategy is strategy, it is obviously unrealistic to think that a change of this order comes within the realm of the remotely probable. In the meanwhile, however, there are minimum remedial measures which may realistically be pressed upon the State Department and the Foreign Office.

The first thing to do is to have the elections postponed. No matter what the real feelings of the electorate may be, elections now will only rubber-stamp a state of affairs which differs in no essential from military dictatorship. A word from Washington and London would be enough to bring about this postponement. It should last until certain indispensable conditions are met. Martial law must end six months before elections are held. Time must be given for a substantial demobilisation of the army, for the disarmament and dispersal of Right-wing bands and village cliques which now dominate much of the countryside, for hundreds of thousands of peasants to regain their homes and pick up the threads of their normal life again, and for tens of thousands of Left-wing "suspects" to be released from prison or internment.

Socialists must be able to propagate their views without fear of police reprisals or organised rowdyism. The leaders of the E.L.D. (Greek Socialists), in spite of their consistently anti-Communist attitude, point out that this means, among other things, legalisation of the Communist Party. They say that they themselves cannot safely address the electorate so long as their followers can be whisked off to gaol (and many are now under arrest) on vague charges of "the crime of Communism." The Government and its gendarmes, after all, make no distinctions on the Left, and tolerate the E.L.D. at present only because it is weak and because its leaders are protected by the Western embassies. Nor can civil peace be restored, and Communist bands persuaded that they can safely or sensibly lay down their arms, so long as the Communist Party is outlawed.

Lastly, regulations and rackets which make a nullity of the trade union movement should be reduced and finally removed. Here it is a matter for the Western Powers to insist upon reforms which British and American trade unionists have long since proposed.

With remedial measures of this order, which the Athens regime would swallow only after bitter protest, an eventual General Election might well make a beginning with the rehabilitation of democratic procedures in Greece. Without them, all too clearly, Greece is simply another Spain.

BASIL DAVIDSON

The Bare Cost of Living

ON January 31, there crept into the press two news items of social significance. The *News Chronicle* announced that, on the evidence of retailers, 20-30 per cent. of the population do not take up in full the rations of butter, margarine, cheese, eggs and bacon. (This statement was "brushed off" by the Ministry of Food as denoting merely a "seasonal slackening of trade"—as if Christmastide satiety lasted for a period of weeks.) On the same day, the London *Evening Standard* reported that the Court of Criminal Appeal had reduced a sentence passed on a Birmingham postman of previous good character who had pleaded guilty to stealing parcels. "He had such a low wage that he could not live on it," said Mr. Justice Humphreys, who was presumably aware that the postman had a wife and children, and that the maximum wage of postmen in provincial cities is £5 17s. a week. Coupled with recently published statistics showing an immense drop in the national consumption of beer, these two news items raise sharply the question of the size of income on which ends meet.

What is the bare cost of living? Averages tend to be deceptive, and few people take the trouble to keep meticulously accurate accounts. With a view, however, to throwing some light on minimum costs in London, I have collected two budgets, for whose accuracy I can vouch, compiled on the basis of expenditure averaged over four weeks in January. The first relates to the household of Mr. Brown, married with no child. A professional worker, whose wife's earnings as a black-and-white artist are inconsiderable, he occupies a small, low-rented studio, with use of a shared bathroom and kitchen.

BROWN'S WEEKLY BUDGET (Married, childless)

Standing Charges:	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Rent, light and fuel	1 15 0	
Laundry and dry-cleaner	8 3	
Household materials and repairs	7 9	
Chemist	3 9	
Fares	12 5	
Hairdresser	9	
National Insurance and T.U. dues	8 0	
Stationery, stamps, phone calls and oddments	5 0	
		4 0 11
Food:		
Basic	2 8 0	
Fruit	7 0	
Sweets and nuts	4 0	
"Snaps" out	12 0	
		3 11 0
Clothing:		1 5 0
Marginals:		
Entertainments	6 6	
Radio rental	3 6	
Cigarettes	1 16 9	
Beer	8	
Newspapers, etc.	2 9	
		2 10 2
	TOTAL	11 7 1

This budget, it may be said, contains small "marginal" luxuries: it includes a sizable fish bill; it is not strictly necessary to buy good quality sweets, nor need provision be made for the daily purchase of a 3d. newspaper, with THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION on Saturday; and the consumption daily of thirty cigarettes by two persons might be described as modest self-indulgence. Conceivably, too, by a process of sartorial dis-investment some economy could be effected in the outgoings on clothing. But assume elimination of the radio, the reduction (with some agony) of cigarette consumption by 50 per cent., curtailment of entertainment to one weekly visit to the cinema in the cheapest seats, the cutting down of newspapers to a penny daily and some sacrifice of hygiene in recourse to laundry, dry cleaner and chemist—even so, and even if more journeys were made on foot instead of by bus, it is difficult to see how this budget could be pared below £9 a week.

It should be noted that Mr. Brown's rent is strikingly lower than the middle-class average, that he employs no service of any kind, and that no provision is made in this budget for major household replacements such as sheets, curtains or carpets. With an income (gross) of £16 a week, Mr. Brown is paying just over £5 a week in income tax. That is to say, his total outgoings exceed his income by approximately 7s. a week—the gap being bridged, in part, by his wife's earnings and in part by drawing on savings. He has neither car nor motor cycle, cannot afford ever to take a holiday away from home and there is no visible margin for the added cost of a child.

Exclude taxes and marginal "compensations": we are still left with Mr. Brown's apparently irreducible figure of £9 a week expenditure. What happens if net income does not reach this level? Here we come to the next exhibit, namely, the weekly budget of Mr. Smith, who is a London railway worker whose earnings, allowing for night work, average about £5 13s. a week. Mr. Smith lives in a two-room Council flat, for which he pays a rental of 18s. 3d. a week.

SMITH'S WEEKLY BUDGET (Married, one baby)

Standing Charges:	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Rent, light and fuel	1 17 9	
Laundry and dry-cleaner	*nil*	
Household materials and repairs	3 6	
Chemist	1 10	
Fares	6 0	
National Insurance and T.U. dues	6 6	
Stationery, stamps and oddments	10	
		2 16 5
Food:		
Basic	1 8 4	
Fruit	8	
Sweets	6	
"Snaps" out	3 9	
		1 13 3
Clothing:		10 0
Marginals:		
Entertainments	*nil*	
Radio rent	*nil*	
Newspapers, etc.	8	
Cigarettes	9 0	
		9 8
TOTAL		5 9 4

The first comment prompted by this budget is that Mr. Smith's expenditure on rent, light and fuel is actually higher than that of middle-class Mr. Brown. This is accounted for largely by the fact that all laundry is done at home and that gas and electricity consumed are on an expensive "shilling in the slot" basis. The second comment is that Mr. Smith's "compensations" have indeed gone by the board: he allows himself 10 small-size cigarettes a day; his wife does not smoke; and they never visit the cinema nor rent a radio. The third comment is that their standard of nutrition is appallingly low.

On the figures given above, the budget shows a surplus of 3s. 8d. a week; but the Smiths are committed to weekly instalments of 18s. 6d. a week on a hire-purchase contract for furniture bought eighteen months ago. The resulting net deficit of 14s. 10d. a week has so far been met out of war savings which are now exhausted. In consequence, the 10s. a week for the clothing club must be transferred to the hire-purchase firm and an additional 4s. 10d picked up somehow—to say nothing of the consideration that the baby, when weaned, will cost more. As it is, the family are unable, despite the fact that both Mr. Smith and his wife are teetotallers, to afford to buy either eggs or their ration of butter, or to use their "points" at the grocer. Mrs. Smith estimates that to have three decent meals a day, their expenditure on food would have to rise from 33s. 3d. to at least 50s. a week.

The broad conclusion seems to be that, in London, the bare cost of living for a married manual worker, on a reasonable nutritional diet, lies between £6 5s. and £6 10s. a week—quite apart from such things as hire purchase commitments—and that, for a "white-collar" worker, even if he be favourably placed in respect to rent, the net income required to maintain his sort of life at the minimum lies between £9 and £11.

AYLMER VALLANCE

So They Say . . .

FOR one day last week (February 3) the popular dailies seemed to agree—with one or two notable exceptions—that there was a more important story that the General Election. Although there was no editorial comment, Senator McMahon's atomic disarmament proposals were at least paid the tribute of banner headlines: *Daily Mail*—PEACE FOR PRICE OF A BOMB; *Daily Express*—BUY OFF THE HELL BOMB; *Daily Herald*—AMERICA IS ASKED: BUY ATOM CONTROL WITH WORLD AID.

The *Daily Mirror* which has the largest circulation in Britain, gave Senator McMahon an inch or two—at the foot of the page, headed strangely—U.S. TOLD: AID RUSSIA. The *Daily Worker*, despite its daily campaign to outlaw the "horror-bomb," did not mention his initiative at all. The *Worker's* main story that day was the threat of "a widespread revolt in Britain's factories" as the result of the rejection of the engineers' claim for an all-round increase of £1 a week.

. . . "This Picture, and Or That"

News Chronicle, February 6:

Norman always fought stubbornly against the injection of politics into banking. It was a cardinal faith with him that the banking system should be divorced from politicians. Some of his fights on this issue were historic . . .

Reynolds News, February 5:

In 1925 Norman advised Winston Churchill to return to the Gold Standard [which] could only mean cuts in the purchasing power of the people . . . Baldwin rushed in to tell the T.U.C. that every worker in the country must take a cut in pay. The sequel was the General Strike and the beginnings of the great depression . . . When, in 1931, the Tories and the Liberals created an economy scare with the object of wrecking the Labour Government of the day, Mr. Norman moved into action [and] warned the Government that unless unemployment pay and social services were cut, the banks of France and New York would refuse to grant a loan to save the pound. "Sound finance" won . . . During the appeasement years, a new device took the place of the gold standard. A vast Exchange Equalisation Fund was created which was used to buy and sell foreign currencies as a means of protecting sterling. It was noticeable that whenever the Popular Front Government in France wanted to carry out social reforms, the Fund had a habit of selling francs and weakening the position of the French Government . . .

Putting His Finger On It

The Times, January 27:

There seems, however, little doubt that within a few decades, if not a few years, it will be possible for any Power with modern industrial resources to destroy the world as we know it . . .

Daily Graphic, February 7:

General Omar Bradley, now visiting Tokio, said President Truman's hydrogen bomb decision was like the discovery of electricity: "There's no end to what you can do with it."

Up to His Tricks Again

Daily Graphic, February 6:

SOCIALISTS SLANG THE TORIES—BEVAN CALLS THEM DECADENT

Socialists opened a new phase of their election battle last night, when party leaders made bitter attacks . . . hit harder than at any time since the campaign began . . . Mr. Aneurin Bevan deplored the "miserable . . . decadent Tory mob . . ."

Daily Mail, February 6:

NYE SOFT PEDALS

Mr. Aneurin Bevan appeared in a new electioneering role yesterday and he was unusually docile and amiable . . .

Quotable Quotes

Daily Mirror, February 3:

INGRID HAS A BABY BOY

Mr. John Vernon, the personal representative of Dr. Lindstrom, husband of Ingrid, said in Hollywood last night: "I doubt whether Doctor Lindstrom will have anything to say."

Time, February 6:

Such is Limehouse's loyalty to Clement Attlee that even to-day the patrons of the Castle pub along Commercial Road will say: "If yer wants ter get yer face bashed in, just run 'im dahn, that's all . . . "

Enigma Variations

News Chronicle, January 28:

Early edition:

Yehudi Menuhin . . . was nearly an hour late [for] last night's broadcast Elgar Memorial Concert . . . Menuhin, who had changed into dress clothes on the road, dashed in with his wife . . .

Final edition:

Menuhin dashed into the Artists' Entrance . . . in lounge suit and soft collar. "I could not change," he said. "My dress clothes were locked up in the back of the car."

AUTOLYCUS

The Capital of Chess

THE chess player approaches Moscow rather as a pilgrim approaches Mecca or Rome. He expects to see chessboard patterns on the pavement, Staunton pattern houses, to make knight moves through chess cathedrals and to receive a blessing from Botvinnik. But when I got to Moscow my imaginings of hierarchy were dwarfed by the realisation of a fact which hitherto I had only known verbally—that Moscow loves chess; and that is a much more important fact than that Moscow organises chess superbly. The organisers of chess in Russia generally receive a support from the public comparable to the support for English football or American baseball; indeed, in Russian chess a Communist theorist might well find a good example of the quantitative as matrix of the qualitative. If sufficient people watch and study chess with sufficient enthusiasm it is only to be expected that a high standard is likely to emerge.

The Russian was always keen on chess—Russia was a chess country back in 1851, when Petroff and Jaenisch were invited to the London tournament, and the officers of the Czarist Army were encouraged to play chess as well as to fight duels—and last month I had a chance to watch the 20-round finals of the championship of the Soviet Armed Forces. I saw a Russian A.B. sailor named Kondratyev disposing very quickly of what appeared to be an Admiral, and the two were on the friendliest of terms. At the Women's World Championship, which I attended as observer, the crowds were enormous, and many of them played better than most of the participants. (The opinion of the boys in the back room was that the women played chess rather worse than I spoke Russian; that, however, may be an exaggeration.) At all events, the large hall in which the tournament was played was always crowded by the end of the evening, and it accommodated the better part of a thousand people. Red Army generals and shop assistants with their fiancées, to say nothing of school children, sat and looked at the exhibition boards as one watches a cinema screen, with the difference that they were all analysing hard. When bad moves were made there were audible groans. The Russians have a good word to describe this kind of barracking. The spectator is a Bolelchik—a sufferer.

But there are other factors. In the Soviet Union, sport and education are recognised as legitimately competitive. Sport canalises and sublimates the kind of ferocity that expresses itself in the American capitalistic "cannibal" (I take the word from *Pravda*). So it comes about that there is a Committee directly responsible to the Supreme Council, called the Sports Committee. This Sports Committee is the parent body of State Sports Committees, Town Sports Committees, District Sports Committees, to the infinitesimal. Further, the trade unions all have their sports organisations; and these ensure, not only the organisation of teams (Dynamo, Energy, Bolshevik, being typical names of Trade Union Sports Sections), but they also see to it that no worker loses pay once his entry to a competition is approved, that no worker loses pay through taking time off for training, and that, if a worker's sport activity entails substitute labour, the sportsman will not be left without a job when he has finished his training or his tournament. I cannot help feeling that it would be a good thing for British chess and for British sport and British education if our trade unions took some cognisance of this example.

The Soviet trade union has, among other things, succeeded in preserving amateur status for the players of many games at levels of professional excellence. In some cases the amateur appearance wears thin as when a "master" or "grand master" gets himself paid as an expert under the direct employ of a sports committee. Then he becomes in effect a chess journalist. This makes the standard of chess journalism, like sports journalism in general, very high in the Soviet Union. They produce sports papers and bulletins of tournaments with remarkable speed, accuracy and high standard of criticism. I did observe one or two tendencies to gloss over some of the vagaries of the Soviet lady players; but I decline to withhold my admiration for Soviet chess organisation simply because the fans prefer Russians to win and some of the writers try not to offend against this "patriotism."

Certainly the organisation of a tournament is most scrupulously fair. My own experience is that when a Russian has decided on the interpretation of his agreement, then he fulfils his conception of the agreement generously and without reservation. In the case of chess organisation there is little scope for ambiguity; in that direction the Russian shows himself reasonably fair-minded and not lacking in generosity. As for the hospitality that surrounds the Russian organisation of competitions, I can testify to its warmth and its abundance.

It is not generally recognised that Soviet organisers have not allowed any confusion between the average of play and the standard. It may surprise British readers to learn that in the Soviet Union, where there are so many hundreds of thousands of keen chess players, the sports committee had, up till this month, only vouchsafed the title of "master" to sixty-three persons—not a great number when one considers the extent of the territory. (I myself met a good player from a Tartar Republic, who told me there were players of his strength in remote places like Uzbekistan).

For my part, I know no Soviet master who is not in my opinion, a genuine master. English players do, however, tend to ridicule the sub-classification of "grand master." This is a title awarded to the winners of Soviet championships and to those who win matches against them. There are eleven "grand masters." That the class is not easy to get into is evidenced by the fact that when Grandmaster Levenfisch was doing very badly and was challenged by Alatortzev to a match he defeated Alatortzev by a score in the neighbourhood of 7—1, so that Alatortzev is still only a "master." This month the Grandmasters have been rather glad of their titles because the Soviet authorities declared four Russian ladies to be "masters." Though I by no means grudge the added title to the present world champion, I view with concern the possibility that Grandmasters will multiply and that we shall be compelled to cope with Great-Grandmasters. And who knows what other avatar.

GERALD ABRAHAMS

Mountain Funeral

IT is a cold winter afternoon here in the mountains. The sky is an interweaving of grey, black and blue. Upper valley is a blur of slanting, stinging sleet; and here, lower down, it is icily clear in cold sunlight.

The lane I'm travelling to the funeral runs between high banks that are musical with water that drips, splashes and ripples incessantly among grey stones and along the grey earth. On one side, scrub oaks rise from vivid moss in green and silver patterns up the mountain to the skyline. On the other side is the river valley. Where a torrent crosses the lane, I stop to wash mud from my boots; for, though the dead go into earth, those who attend the burying must be clean.

Dark figures, stepping carefully as I, cross the ford across the valley and move up the road. In the field below the white-washed house of mourning, a few cars stand scattered, as though by the wind. Pairs and groups of men stand about in the farmyard, all in black and bowler-hatted. Short, hard-faced men they are, whose quick words flit and glance over the yard like the twitter and flight of sparrows.

A relative of the bereaved family struts through to the house, grief and importance blended on his face. The postman moves around, giving out letters. It's an ill wind that blows no good, I reflect; a funeral saves his corny feet many a mile.

Silence walks slowly across the yard. We stiffen, and a big man standing by the house leans back on his heels, drops his lower jaw and rumbles into a hymn. The tune is melancholy, but lit by wisps of joyous trill like the curlew's call.

Now the coffin appears, of light oak, topped with flowers and looking rather garish above this beetle-black throng. The men fall in and bob along in front; the women rustle and shuffle behind. Down the wet green slope, across the brown river, to the grey road and on to the bleak chapel, two miles ahead. Slowly, we go, changing bearers frequently; sun, sleet and a bitter, slicing wind go with us.

We are by the grave now, in a wide uneven ring, and the chapel minister, reading the committal words has them turned back to him as a hollow, echoing whine from the rocks above. Next to him is the vicar, holding the minister's top-hat, holding it in his two hands, carefully, solemnly, and for all to see—a costless but comforting gesture of unity in the presence of sorrow and death.

Now a third minister prays, and seems to grow remote. Whilst we, leaning easily, even familiarly, against the tombstones, peer

interestedly about us, as though in an outer court of prayer, awaiting the end of our delegate's audience.

Over where the ring is dented towards the grave, is the bereaved father, his blue-cold face masking the desire for it all to be over and we people gone, so that he can go up his mountain and cry and feel placid again—the placidness of conventional manliness that is expected to scorn frank and public grief.

This has been a human funeral so far. These people are here consciously as sympathisers with the family, but unconsciously they mourn their own loss too. And without realising it, that is why at the home there was no Jekyll and Hyde undertaker, curt with his paid men and solicitous with the paying mourners; seeing the dead secure in the glass hearse and the living correctly marshalled in the following cars. Indeed, none of that ironical luxury, riding in a fine vehicle which our way of life has denied to so many of the living but ensures for most of the dead.

Funeral arrangements in this valley can't be delegated. Life here is so intimate and personal that death and burial are everyone's concern and loss. Whatever this dead girl had known of experience and fulfilment or frustration came through living relations with the people in the valley. In a sense it was they who gave her birth, and brought her up. Their comings and goings, their humours and affections and tempers had caressed and stung her into consciousness. In the co-operation and conflict of living with them the sinews of her individuality had developed till she could detach herself, stand alone and then re-incorporate herself into the community, as an addition to the capacity and variety of it's life.

Now, at the age of 30, she is dead and the community is contracted. A fibre has been torn from its being, a limitation forced upon its life. That is why the community, as well as the family, mourns; this funeral is the concern of the whole valley.

In larger communities, when an outstanding character like a sage, a wag, or even a criminal dies, the community is conscious of a lessening of the spice and vigour of its life. But, for every one such the larger community loses, it loses hundreds of others whom it misses only as functionaries, producers, consumers.

In them, the fullest individuality often goes undeveloped. The lively, colourful threads they might weave into the social tapestry goes unspun. The machinery of the mass way of life selects mostly the grey blanket yarn of which each of us has a quota. Their deaths leave society as grey as it was in their lifetime, only a little more threadbare perhaps. But here, in the valley, a life and a death could not be described like that. Everyone counts.

Yet change is coming. A strong, though unconfessed, respect for more profitable ways of earning a living is bearing its first-fruits. The notion of getting on in life implies leaving the valley, either for richer land in flatter country or for a town job. Those who prize a richer security, who want promotion, must flee this valley as Pilgrim fled the City of Destruction.

Many things that were part of the valley's life are now but part of the tale of its memories, and these funerals will soon be among them. The wheelwright as undertaker, the black, bobbing, shuffling line of neighbours taking turns to carry the coffin already alternate with the town undertaker, the gleaming hearse and polished cars, bringing back adventurers whose native valley was their childhood's playground and is now their graveyard.

But the graveyard service is over now and the people are hurrying into the chapel. There'll be warmth in there and tender eloquent words, glibly extolling virtue, speaking of the mystery of life, the solace of death or the inscrutable will of God—whatever that may mean. But I doubt if any will refer to what has been passing in my mind under the sycamore tree, or urge that continuity of life and community shall be ensured in this valley more virile and fulfilled than in the past.

As I return home, the peregrine falcon and the buzzard scream. The raven croaks in the rocks above the cave where early Dissenters worshipped. The river moves past the ruined cloth mill and beneath the old green cock-pit; and though it may be only my foolish nostalgic fancy, they seem in ways both noisy and mute to say man should stay here, growing from the roots of his own history and nourished by its fertile remains.

HARRY SOAN

The Arts and Entertainment

MR. REDGRAVE'S HAMLET

EACH age creates its own Hamlet for its own needs; and it is probably lucky from the point of view of their own reputation that the great Hamlets of the past cannot rise up to give us their renderings now. We would, I suspect, look rather glumly at their exaggeration of gesture, their excess of emotion. Our anti-heroic time needed a slighter Hamlet; and it was Mr. John Gielgud's particular contribution to epitomise this for us in the late Twenties. Our Hamlet then was the sensitive son, the mother-lover, the potential neurotic, the weeper, squandering his impotent anger in a welter of fine words. Nothing heroic for us; something nearer an underdeveloped adolescent caught in a situation always much too big for him and which he cuts through in the end, not as an act of liberation, but as a feeble gesture of despair.

The times have not yet so altered that we can create a quite new Hamlet. And Mr. Michael Redgrave's version at the Old Vic modifies but does not essentially challenge that Hamlet *de nos jours*. The modifications are all in the direction of strength and away from self-pity. The little-lost-boy Hamlet has begun to grow up. He relies less on the appeal to the mother in us all. He stands up for himself. He doesn't whimper here at his predicament; he cries full out. This growth corresponds, we may notice, to a development in Mr. Redgrave's own acting. In the past few years we have sometimes felt that his feelings were not coming out as clean as they should. His laughter seemed too distorted; grief, when he wanted to express it, remained half-strangled in the throat. But now his acting is almost entirely free from these constrictions. He moves with a new grace and certainty. His voice, musical and flexible, has discovered in itself a new richness.

He employs broadly three registers: a grief that has a sweet unforced tenderness in the earliest scenes; a hard piercing cry that strikes straight for the top of passion and hits it squarely, from the moment when his father's spirit breaks down this frozen grief; and a completely relaxed, almost smiling easiness which is first used as he sits among the Players and which pervades the last Act from the graveyard scene onwards up to the very end. It is as if his discovery on the voyage to England of the King's treachery has mended the split in his personality. He accepts what has to be faced from then on with a curious sort of sunny calm which makes the Yorick passages particularly touching. Even in the scene at Ophelia's burial, his anger with Laertes seems consciously worked up; the emphasis is all on the last line of the tirade, "Nay, an thou'lt mouth, I'll rant as well as thou." And he finally moves into the last entanglement with a bravery which is working back almost in the direction of the heroic.

Of the many virtues in this rendering the prime one to my mind is Mr. Redgrave's absolute mastery of the vocal line. He is beautifully sensitive to the words as poetry and gives us, from the very start, the assurance that he will value at its full worth every nuance of every phrase, every supporting syllable of the whole poetic structure. And he keeps his word. It is an exemplary performance as a piece of verse-speaking, without tricks, mannerisms or affectations, but immensely various, always absolutely true, always perfectly in tune. The sense, we feel, has been mastered as a whole and, delivered as near perfectly as may be, with the progressions exactly and carefully marked, it makes us, too, understand it all over again. It is a performance not to be missed and one that is even more impressive on the second seeing than the first. For one is not then distracted by some of the shortcomings elsewhere.

These derive largely, I think, from a set which quite fails to make up in aesthetic pleasure for its obvious clumsiness. The chief feature of it is, flat across the back, a painted panorama of an estuary. This and the cloudscape above it are treated from behind with the particular shades and colours of lighting thought to be appropriate to the mood of any moment. This device I have seen effectively used, but here the pictures produced by it, so far from enlarging the imagination, rest on its vulgarer clichés. The porch square down one side of the stage and the semicircular projection on the opposite side make a small stage even smaller: they emphasise its shallowness and frequently create a huddle.

The supporting roles in a repertory cast can never be entirely satisfactory. But it would help immensely if the producer would decide absolutely clearly the exact nature and status of the Court as a whole. Once that has been fixed all the small roles will fall into place in a clear pattern, even though individually they are not quite right. This Court seem altogether too much of an odd job lot. Indeed it once looked perilously like being a comic court. Happily this danger is averted as we proceed. Mr. Hudd tones down his Polonius very well and the Guildenstern, though we could never believe that he had been a prince's friend, eventually keeps decently quiet. Mr. Mark Dignam makes a hard, cunning King, but entirely omits the grossness of the character. The Horatio of Mr. Michael Aldridge is steady and loyal enough, in spite of the handicap of his various costumes. The Ophelia has no chance of convincing in her mad scene when she has been

made so winsome and so little-girlish before it. I notice with particular distaste the Ambassadors, who are played in that worst of Shakespearean conventions which makes all its distinguished old men talk in the high bleating voices of castrated clergymen.

Mr. Hunt, as a producer, is at his best when he is faithfully getting at the dramatic content and faithfully interpreting it. And in the main he may be said to have accomplished that here. The lapses come from deserting this principle of his and trying "to make something of" what evidently seemed to him over-familiar passages or characters. The scene between the Queen and Hamlet is the least successful. Here the semi-circular projection is pushed right forward to suggest the Queen's closet and a flimsy eighteen-inch chair set against it. The balancing feats which Hamlet and the Queen have to perform as they wrestle on this fragile object are hopelessly distracting.

But the production is certainly coming together better as a whole, and Mr. Hunt brings off three very effective dramatic strokes. The first, when Hamlet is left fumbling in the Players' basket of props during the speech which ends "the play's the thing"; as he comes up to the climax he flings out a red scarlet robe and raises a crown high. The second stroke comes in the play scene itself. When the King has risen, "frightened with false fire", he stumbles out past the play poisoner and in passing strikes him down—an excellent piece of business and exactly right. The third stroke also belongs to the King, when, at the end of the fight, Laertes has confessed and Hamlet turns towards him with the poisoned sword. Mr. Dignam takes off his crown and holds it up as if a last hope of protection still lies in the divinity hedging a king. And then he gives a wonderful hypnotised shudder as he waits for the death blow.

T. C. WORSLEY

WALTON'S VIOLIN SONATA

I SUSPECT that there is rather more in William Walton's Violin Sonata than met the ear at its first performance last Sunday, at Drury Lane. True, it was played by the artists for whom it was written, Yehudi Menuhin and Louis Kentner, and since the violin part has been edited by Menuhin, he can be presumed to know the work pretty well. Nevertheless, both he and Kentner chose to play with the music in front of them; and, although I don't imply a simple case of cause and effect, there was something tentative and unconvinced in the result. A feeling of coolness spread through the house, which is anyhow four times too big for such music as this: the effect was pleasant, but indeterminate.

All this I might rashly have attributed to the weakness of the composition itself, if I had not had the chance to study a set of proofs before the concert. No doubt the difference between what I expected to hear and what I did hear might be set down to a failure of aural imagination; no doubt, to some extent, it *was* that; but not, I fancy, altogether. Most lovers of music know the disillusioning concert-hall experience—it is still more frequent in the opera house—of looking forward to the effect of some favourite modulation or contrapuntal felicity, only to find that when the passage arrives (a passage which may have been cherished for years on the piano, or in the imagination, in anticipation of this moment) it goes for nothing: the contrapuntal strand is inaudible, the modulation is obscured by speed, or, in the case of opera, by some maddening piece of stage business devised by an unmusical producer.

So it seemed on Sunday with the Walton. The Sonata, a full length work, has only two movements, the first of which is arrestingly marked *Allegro tranquillo*. It would need a Tovey to tell us whether any previous music has ever borne that marking; what we can see for ourselves is that nothing else would do for Walton's conception. The opening is characteristic, shapely and beautiful: the piano sketches a gently syncopated accompaniment to a long sinuous melody for the violin, which frequently doubles back on itself, and then again propels itself forward by a little semiquaver group falling usually on the first beat of the bar. From the printed page I conjured up the delicate strength of this opening; as the movement continued, I admired the soaring lyrical continuity of the lines, and the admirable clarity of the texture, which would surely allow the composer's many contrapuntal inventions and harmonic ingenuities to shine and glow with their own pure colour. At Drury Lane, however, the light and variety of the writing seemed to be ironed out: the open bars were devoid of tranquillity, and a good deal of the piano detail became a scramble. Menuhin played, as in these latter days he is apt to play, with a firm mastery of his instrument, but with a curiously puzzled air, like an athlete made to recite an introspective poem. Neither in the new Sonata, nor in the César Franck which preceded it, did he succeed, except by fits and starts, in identifying himself with the heart and substance of the music, as (for instance) Ginette Neveu did, and as Gioconda de Vito almost always does. However, let me return to the Sonata, and make no more mention of this particular interpretation, which will doubtless improve with familiarity and repetition.

Walton uses sonata form for his first movement, and has filled out the design with much beautiful and characteristic invention. It is a long movement and the fact that there is no real contrast in the subsidiary themes places a certain strain on the listener's attention. In the recapitulation the material is varied in the composer's best manner (he has always been a master of recapitulation); and the final page, in which the themes disintegrate and spread away like ripples on a pond, is perfectly managed. This movement is in a firm B flat major; the second movement, a set of variations, begins with a drooping, languid *Andante* theme in B flat minor. A faint connection with the first movement is perceptible: the semiquaver figure is now turned upside down, its intervals enlarged from a second to a third. The variations are ingenious: a ghostly *Alla marcia* plays rather too easily on our Waltonian friend, the false relation (*i.e.*, the dubious major-minor third); a little further on, an *allegretto* brings a fascinating combination of a single melismatic line on the piano with even pizzicato notes on the violin. The general plan is to get faster and faster, thus combining slow movement with finale, and incidentally evading the finale problem, which Walton (like so many other composers) finds difficult. In due course we reach the expected fugato—which however peters out at once, and proves to be merely the opening to a brilliant "fiddler's final *presto*." But even this is more than simple scurry: the semiquaver figure decisively drops the curtain.

Like the 1947 String Quartet, the Violin Sonata is more remarkable for fine craftsmanship and style than for fresh invention. It is a notable work, but backward looking. Hostile listeners will call it a rehash of the old ingredients; I think myself that some characteristic Walton ideas have seldom been more attractively presented. But I look forward none the less with impatience to the opera, *Troilus and Cressida*, in which we may reasonably hope for a rebirth of his splendid audacity and verse.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

SID FIELD

SID FIELD was the best new comedian who arrived during the past twenty years. He belongs to the great English drolls. For thousands of us, in wartime London, the discovery and rediscovery of him at the Prince of Wales Theatre were among our few joys. The revues in which he appeared were a nightmare of noise and silliness, but for the sake of Sid Field many of us endured them time after time. His drollery, in the broad music hall tradition and yet all his own, escaped analysis. But there was about him a huge warm daftness, a triumphant absurdity, that even when he was crying "What a performance!" seemed more than a performance, part of some wonderful clown's birthday party.

The figures he presented—the Spiv, the moon-struck golfer, the immensely refined but dutious musician, the matronly photographer—had been created by a shrewd character actor, but what raised them to a grander height was the suggestion that they were not quite of this world but owed their essential being, like Dickens's genial monsters, to some other and happier planet. Even—as in his golfing sketch—when he appeared to reach an agony of bewilderment or frustration, Sid Field still seemed to be enjoying himself and beseeching us, through all the sweat and ruin of that face, to enjoy him too. He never needed to warm up but arrived, beaming and already glistening, as if from some uproarious triumph. He had, too, without trying for it, that hint of pathos which all the great drolls seem to have, and with it—and here perhaps we touch his essence—a kind of battered sweetness.

This, of course, was in the man himself and it kept him unspoilt. He had not been too fortunate in his choice of parts, both on the stage and screen, during these last few years; and some of us no doubt felt that we could provide him with better material than he had found so far. And now, in a wilderness of sniggering, we shall never hear again those great gusts of earthy and happy laughter that saluted him, the funniest and friendliest comic of his generation.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

TELEVISION NOTES

ONE of the most irritating images to watch on the screen is the top of a man's head as he sits there reading his script. That admirable item, *Ballet for Beginners*, is disfigured by this deplorable habit, for the compère keeps his nose well down in his book of words, briefly coming up for air once in a while to give us a glimpse of a harassed countenance. The feature programme on the Peckham Health Centre was marred by a similar exhibition on the part of its introducer. This tiresome concession to the tongue-tied gives television a taint of unprofessionalism and should no longer be tolerated. The remedies are obvious. One is that speakers who cannot deliver their words impromptu should be required, like actors, to memorise their lines. If this exercise is beyond them, then they should speak invisibly, in the margin (so to speak) of the events which are happening on the screen. One reason why these blemishes persist is, of course, that television is trying to live beyond its means. It has neither the time nor the space to prepare and rehearse its programmes sufficiently, and one consequence is an excessive proportion of slap-dash and make-do in the output. But even allowing for the air of improvisation and last-minute amendment which prevails at Alexandra Palace, the spoken element in features and interviews is poor stuff on the whole. Nearly everyone concerned seems at a loss for words, or else liable (as in *Picture Page*) to drop their verbal passes in the game of conversation.

One very promising new programme was allowed to suffer from this lack of language. In

Private View we were taken to a corner of the British Museum, after hours, to enjoy an annotated close-up of some of the famous treasures. Our host was Robert Gibbings, a genial figure, who failed, however, to find many appropriate words for the occasion and who therefore encouraged a similar inadequacy in the experts who presented the objects. No one quite knew what to say, or where to stand, or which-comes-next: and the embarrassment at their end soon communicated itself to ours. This attitude of hope-for-the-best and do-what-we-can was excusable when television was in its magic-lantern stage, but if it is to rate as a serious medium it must look to its drill and purge itself of amateurism. The outstanding figure in this department of television is Richard Dimbleby, whose narration in the magazine-programme *London Town* has a hall-mark of professional skill I observe nowhere else in features. Either he memorises his script with remarkable fidelity, or else he has a ready and exact tongue; but either way the result is agreeable and authoritative. If his duties permit I wish he would open a School for Bumblers.

Variety, whether in sound or vision, is still the most delinquent species of wireless. You would think it possible, at least, for B.B.C. Variety H.Q. to sort out the visual sheep from the audio-goats, and thus ensure that those comics who make faces are drafted from sound to vision, while those who are barren of "business" are directed to function on sound. But no. Both types regularly turn up in the wrong place. One vital test of a television clown is whether he remains funny when you turn "sound" off on your set and observe him in dumb-show. It is odd that one of the few who can thus disclose a purely visual skill is Eric Barker who made his radio reputation in the field of sound. His performance last week, in a neat little satirical sketch on the social influence of wireless, was a model of screen-comedy.

Outside Broadcasting had a Twickenham field-day for the Wales versus England Rugby International and seemed to enact the scrums and loose mauls right on our parlour floors. I commend those unfamiliar with these gladiatorial combats to watch the English and the Irish at close quarters on Saturday.

W. E. WILLIAMS

THE MOVIES

"Intruder in the Dust," at the Ritz
"Golden Salamander," at the Marble Arch Odeon
"Francis," at the London Pavilion

Very often it happens to a film critic that, while one week there may be too much to write about, the next there is not enough. Preoccupied last week with Anna Magnani, I found I had left myself little enough space for Clarence Brown's *Intruder in the Dust*. The time for enlarging on it in detail may have gone by, but I should like to stress again the ease with which it tells a brisk little story and raises a spectre. How beautifully it engenders the market-day atmosphere in which a lynching becomes possible! Of course, from all round the cars would start rolling in early, the men would lounge and smoke with a purpose, the wives unpack lunch-baskets, and there would be children to scold. Not so very different from a *corrida*, except that as the day goes on, chatter more consciously marks time, guilt and excitement grow. Those who have had their backs to the gaol now face it. And behind bars, proud of his blood as they are impatient for it, waits the old Negro. Brilliant filming: the eye at the grille seems more expressive than any we have encountered, and it is a bold, handsome, humorous eye. Juano Hernandez aristocratically matches the part. If he weren't free-spirited, more than a little vain, and alive to the finger-tips, the drama of those shiftily resentful men outside would lose half its impact. The reticence, too, by which he escapes lynching and the crowd doesn't rouse to a mob, brings home the threat to the individual latent in every crowd.

While dealing in arrears, let me apologise for my recent slip over Raimu. I remember very well *now*, but didn't then. Sometimes these notes have to be written in a considerable hurry, and I could envy the more accurate leisure with which my colleagues, Mr. Pritchett and Mr. Stonier, approach the books they are reviewing. However, that's no excuse, and I'll do my best to amend.

Of this week's films, *Golden Salamander* is a handsome and fair-paced English thriller, directed by Ronald Neame, and starred with Anouk and Trevor Howard: she, a delight to take in, and still at the stage, it would seem, of not knowing whether to be or act. She has time. Howard makes the perfect unassuming hero in a conventional tale mixing gun-running in North Africa with archaeology. Half the pleasure of this film is in its local excursions (especially the boar-hunt at the climax), and if the tension isn't unbearably high, the piece can prettily administer its sharp shocks—for example, the bathing scene cut short by its underwater discovery of the drifting man in the depths.

Francis is a talking army mule, who seems to know every Jap disposition in Burma, and makes things both exciting and awkward for the bobbing little lieutenant taken (so to speak) under his wing. The lieut. (Donald O'Connor) spends half his time brilliantly circumventing the enemy, and the other half weaving baskets in the psychopathic ward. Francis extends his patronage to a general, and finally, in peacetime, to a bank manager. The joke takes rather long to warm up, but Francis himself develops a richly sardonic character, and in parts the film is very funny.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Beauty and the Beast" and "El Destino," at Wells

After such mournful ballets as *Sea Change* and *Etude* the recent works of this company come as a most pleasing change. John Cranko has wandered into Cocteau's fairyland, and gives us a *pas de deux*, *Beauty and the Beast*, which provides Patricia Miller and David Blair with just their vehicle. While *El Destino*, music by Manuel Lazareno, choreography by Angelo Andes, is another happy choice—in a Spanish idiom. It consists of a few dances strung together by the slightest of stories about a fortune-teller, who foresees that a young Sevillian will leave the local girl, with whom he is infatuated, for another from Aragon. This gives the choreographer an excuse to contrast the comparative sophistication of *Sevillanas* dances with the more bucolic *JotaAragonesa*. It would be absurd to expect these London boys and girls to dance like true Spaniards and, with the natural exception of Pirmin Trecu, a young Basque who has grown up in this country, they don't. Yet they give a very creditable performance. Sheilah O'Reilly and David Blair already show considerable understanding of the Spanish style; and when the others grow more into it, there seems no reason why this experiment should not be a success, within its native limitations. Hugh Stevenson has designed some colourful costumes for this ballet, which has no scenery other than black curtains and wings. Lighting has been well used to underline patterns and suggest depth. In the same programme on the opening night Michael Soames appeared as a guest artist in the second act of *Lac Des Cygnes*. Commendable were the improvement in the *corps de ballet*, the almost impeccable drill of the cygnets in the absurd *pas de quatre*, and the promise of Elaine Fifield who negotiated Odette's beautiful *adages* with much skill.

"The Schoolmistress," at the Saville

Measured against the history of the European stage, Pinero may have been a pygmy giant; but he wrote good "theatre" and, even before he reached the ardours and endurances of Mrs. Tanqueray, he had learnt, in light-hearted farce, that plots have to be developed and the "flats" neatly joined. In *The Schoolmistress*, he re-furbished with ingenious freshness the old theme of comic concealment of (not too serious) guilt. The proprietress of a finishing establishment for young ladies who plans an anonymous *début* on the musical comedy boards; her precocious pupil who, unrecognised by her choleric father newly released from his Mediterranean flag-ship, has secretly committed matrimony; her fop of a husband who, as highly unreliable bailee, diverts the school's rent and fire-insurance premiums to a bachelor supper converted, amid hilarious misunderstandings, into a wedding-breakfast culminating in a fire—here is all the stuff needed for a well-made farce. Unhappily Mr. Charles Hickman has chosen to produce this gay little piece *fortissimo*, in the key of the Crazy Gang. The Saville, with its Odeon-like auditorium, is perhaps an out-size home for the silvery arrows of quiet laughter; but the producer might surely have found some compromise between the comic archer's bow and a (Harpo) Marxist H-Bomb. As it is, Fred Emney is made to resemble less a British Admiral than a dyspeptic Fatty Arbuckle, and Cyril Ritchard, as a foppish husband, to spoil a caricature by caricaturing it—Gillray retouched by "Giles." As for Miss Elliott, the first scene was so over-emphasised that it was no matter for surprise or laughter when she reappeared—giving the impression that she had achieved instant fame in the role of a Rhine-maiden "under the influence." Queen Victoria would not have been amused. Nor—for once—would she have been wrong.

"Larger than Life," at the Duke of York

"From Somerset Maugham's novel *Theatre*," it is announced. But those who enjoyed that sharp, mordant book are warned that this adaptation bears hardly the slightest relation in structure, and none at all in tone, to the original on which it claims to be founded. It is true that the main characters are an actor and actress in middle age; and there is certainly an episode in which the actress falls for a younger man. There the resemblance ends. The play as it stands is a rehash of almost every old-fashioned sentimental cliché of back-stage life. Mr. Reginald Denny supplies charm and an incongruous entry into his wife's dressing room wearing a yachting cap. Miss Jessie Royce Landis holds the stage in the part of a golden-hearted trouper.

Correspondence

PEACE INITIATIVE

SIR,—Your welcome comment on the letters in regard to new initiatives for peace which have passed between Lady Parmoor and myself on the one hand and Mr. Attlee and the Foreign Office on the other, says that the correspondence was released by the Foreign Office. Will you let me make clear that the letters—written towards the end of 1949—were, in fact, released by ourselves, though, of course, with the earlier agreement of the Foreign Office to their being published as long as the whole text was included? It is perhaps not unimportant to make this clear since it might appear from your phrasing that the Foreign Office had for some reason chosen this particular moment to make the facts of the exchange known. I would add that it was, of course, coincidental that the letters were published on the same day as President Truman's announcement in regard to the hydrogen bomb and hardly less so that they were published virtually within the election period. The decision to publish them was in fact taken more than a month ago and before the election date was announced and only the mechanics of publishing, so to speak, prevented their appearing earlier.

28 York Road, Guildford. GERALD BAILEY

SHORTAGE OF TEACHERS

SIR,—The shortage of teachers, like the shortage of houses and the shortage of steel, certainly has a very grave national consequence as the High Master of the Manchester Grammar School suggests, but his exposition of the present situation is wide of the mark in many respects.

In his reference to the expansion of the universities, he omits altogether any reference to the fact that it was not until the summer of 1949 that the first post-war generation of students came down, and of these, a large proportion who intend to make a career in the teaching profession have prudently decided

to pursue a post-graduate teacher's training course (which is expected soon to be a compulsory requirement for all graduate teachers in State schools). In consequence, they will not be available for employment until September next. Mr. James will find, if he inquires, that the University training departments are more crammed with students than they have ever been before—but even so, it cannot be expected that all posts will be filled this year.

As to the question of the quality of those now entering or seeking to enter the profession, I doubt if we can really form an accurate judgment for at least another generation. All that can be said at present is, I think, that the proportion of graduates trained in science or mathematics is lower than it ought to be and includes few, if any, with first-class degrees, and that in all subjects the tendency seems to be for the first-class man to look elsewhere for his career.

The employment of arts graduates in commerce and industry has shown a small increase since the war, but there has been no revolutionary development in this direction—far from it. The majority of the firms which now recruit arts men were recruiting in much the same way between the wars, and the number of firms recruiting in this way has not increased substantially. The B.B.C., the British Council and also the Arts Council, Uno, Unesco, and all the other employers chosen by arts graduates in their rosier day-dreams do *not* "recruit great numbers of precisely those people who would formerly have taught in Grammar schools." They recruit a bare handful each year of the thousands of graduates who pour from the universities (a rough estimate shows that there will be about 5,000 *more* graduates in arts leaving the universities in 1950 and 6,000 *more* in 1951 than there were in 1939). University Appointments Boards will not thank Mr. James for encouraging the more ardent young would-be producers for the Third Programme to think that there are good jobs to be had for the asking!

As for education administration, simple arithmetic will rapidly show that the number of new additions to the administrative staffs of the 138 Local Education Authorities in England and Wales required through death, retirement and normal expansion cannot much exceed a few hundred a year. I doubt whether it is much more than 100, and it certainly cannot be said to be a great drain on a profession which is numbered by the hundred thousand. It must also be emphasised that few, if any, succeed in securing a post in education administration until they have had three-five years' at least of teaching experience.

The present Burnham Scale is certainly unsatisfactory for many teachers, and might well be generally raised as well as differentially adjusted. Many of the advocates for increased salaries for teachers tend, however, to obscure the real situation by comparing the salary prospect of the average and ordinary teacher with the salary prospect of the highly successful man in parallel professions. Like must be compared with like, and if this were done, it would probably be found that in a large proportion of cases the financial outlook for a teacher compares not so unfavourably with other professions, particularly if net income, after deduction of tax is used as the basis for comparison. Account should also be taken of hours of work and hours of leisure—commodities which are very precious in these days, yet which are strangely undervalued.

It is certainly true that teaching is the Cinderella of the professions, but this is no new phenomenon. It was just as true before the last war and before the war of 1914-18. It is quite time that our social scientists turned their attention to the matter and tried to discover the real reasons. To my mind they lie far more in the nature of the work which the teacher has to do than in the conditions in which he has to do it or the payment he is given for doing it. Children of all ages from 5 to 18 are ruthless judges of the efficiency of their teachers and are merciless in their treatment of the weakling or the failure. Many weaklings and many who have failed elsewhere tend to drift into teaching *faut de mieux*. The soul-searing experiences of such unfortunates may, perhaps, have coloured the attitudes of the majority towards the idea of teaching as a profession.

8 Garden Road, L. E. BALL
Bromley, Kent.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

SIR,—His Majesty's judges do not bear the strain of watching a condemned murderer in the death cell or assisting at an execution. It is therefore natural that they should ignore the realities of the situation and follow the old harsh tradition of judicial opposition to the amelioration of the penal law. Two of them have recently expressed the view that too many murderers are reprieved. "Grim" is a mild word for some of the demands made.

Prison chaplains and officers are face to face with the condemned, and the prison officer on condemned cell duty shares the agony, first of suspense and then of despair, suffered by the murderer. They think there are too many hangings. Unfortunately, the prison officers have felt it their duty to withhold from the Royal Commission their experience in the matter of capital punishment which would have had special value and significance. Instead, they have contented themselves with giving their opinion on the question of deterrence, on which their views are as good as the next man's and no better. They added quite frankly that this opinion was a majority view.

The Howard League regretted the silence of the minority. Now it appears that, in the words of the General Secretary of the Prison Officers' Association: "*If personal considerations alone had inspired their evidence to the Commission, every prison officer in the country would have urged the abolition of the death penalty, knowing that with its disappearance would go one of the most unpleasant and depressing jobs any man or woman could be asked to undertake.*"

Mr. Cronin is, of course, right when he says that prison reform depends on the prison staff, and much is owed to the prison and Borstal officers for what they have done to make possible the transformation of the prison system during the last thirty years. Capital punishment puts an intolerable strain on many of them and keeps good recruits out of the prison service.

But no official has told the Royal Commission these things because the Home Office and prison staffs apparently hold the strange belief that in a controversial matter, referred to a Royal Commission, they are free to uphold the present law but not free to criticise it except in minor details. The evidence of three prison chaplains (who, unlike the prison officer witnesses, were not representative of their section of the service) was explained to the Howard League by a former chaplain as "prison-conditioned belief." That, Sir, was my reading of your reference to the *status quo* as "occupational bedrock" It has no connection with self-interest.

Surely the Royal Commission is entitled to receive from witnesses evidence which is as frank as the witnesses can make it. It is to be hoped that the Home Secretary will set his staff free to speak their minds without fear or favour. Unless he does so, publicly and unmistakably, it seems a pity that the Premier has wasted public money on the appointment of a Commission.

CICELY M. CRAVEN
(*Hon. Secretary*)

The Howard League for Penal Reform,
Parliament Mansions,
London, S.W.1.

POLITICAL STUNTS

SIR,—Critic guesses that the *Daily Express* stunt about the German food situation must have lost Mr. Churchill votes. At the time of the 1945 election I was editor of *Advertiser's Weekly* and some advertising and publicity men, of all parties, concluded that Mr. Churchill and Lord Beaverbrook lost the election for the Tories. I have since watched the Beaverbrook Press with great interest.

Your readers may recollect that last April the *Daily Express* "stunted" the Budget failure to reduce purchase tax by interviewing inhabitants of a North London street and quoting them as saying they were unable to buy necessity furniture because Sir Stafford Crippa had not taken off the purchase tax. Yet within a few hundred yards was a typical suburban store well stocked with utility furniture of every type mentioned.

Since then there have been many stunts damaging to the party which the Beaverbrook papers support, because so patently untrue. In addition to false interpretations of the social situation, there have been typical canards, such as the one that clothes were going

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back on rationing. There was also the campaign for sweets derationing and the blaming of the consequent debacle on someone else; even the drought was attributed to Mr. Strachey! More recently, besides the German stunt, there was the "exposure" by the *Evening Standard* that the Socialists would nationalise tobacco if they controlled the Prudential. This "exposure" was obviously dropped quickly when it was realised that it insinuated that pennies collected by the Prudential had contributed to the tobacco and other industrial millionaire fortunes.

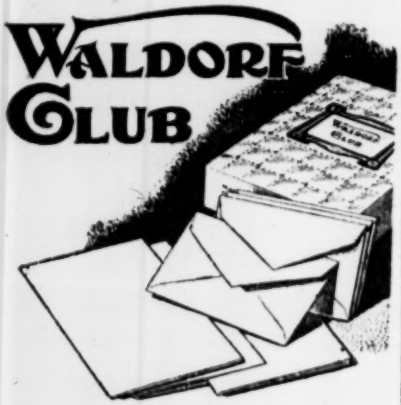
The conclusions drawn from all this by those who were either disgruntled or jubilant at the part played by these newspapers in the 1945 Labour victory, was that Beaverbrook's journalists were doing a neat bit of sabotage. A few hold that the Puckish proprietor himself is secretly a Socialist!

These answers, of course, are somewhat flippant. But there is a serious answer. The real reason for these stunts which unintentionally damage Mr. Churchill's party lies, I think, in the change that has come over journalism in the last 30 years. Newspaper executives to-day are chosen because they are brilliant technicians and must necessarily be so on huge circulation papers. They have mostly been through the reporting and sub-editing departments. Consequently they have a highly developed gift for seizing on a news angle and turning it into a popular stunt. But by the very nature of their training and background they lack political foresight. It would be unthinkable to-day for the Prime Minister to ask editors to Downing Street for regular consultation. No one expects the "popular" Press to have that kind of editor.

Therefore it is not surprising that they see only the superficial news value of any event and play it up according to their flair for building up "reader" interest. The fact that that interest is damaging to the paper's policy is not foreseen, because "hot" news calls for quick judgment, which is hardly likely to be perceptive or profound. Hence the political consequences of the stunt are not appreciated when the story is played up and printed. JOHN WARE

Gerrards Cross,
Bucks.

It's good style to write on



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MR. ATTLEE AND SCOTLAND

SIR,—Mr. Norman MacKenzie, in his excellently just and true article on Labour in Scotland, draws a moral for the next general election, but he might have drawn one for this. There are about two dozen out of the 71 Scottish seats where the floating Home Rule and nationalist vote can be decisive this month. As some Labour M.P.s have signed the Covenant, while no Tory M.P.s have, on balance the Covenanting movement should help Labour rather than the Tories, though it will be most helpful to the Liberals. But some impressive utterance is called for from the Labour side to counter the bad effect of Secretary of State Woodburn's "ill-timed and unfortunate speech" which Mr. MacKenzie noted.

Mr. Attlee personally gave a pledge during the 1945 general election that Labour in office would implement its old pledges in favour of a Scottish Parliament for Scottish affairs, but he did not state a time limit. During his forthcoming Scottish tour many electors will be looking for some precise undertaking from him for appropriate legislation in his next term of office. DOUGLAS YOUNG

Mallarsbield,
Tayport, Fife.

BATLHAROS

SIR,—I should be grateful if you would allow me to correct a statement contained in a contribution entitled "Miracle in Batlharos" which appeared in your issue of December 17. Your correspondent, after describing the work of the mission hospital of St. Michael at Batlharos, near Kuruman, stated that the present South African Government has removed the grant which was previously contributed towards the hospital's maintenance. This is not the case. The financial difficulties with which the hospital has always had to contend reached their present state of acuteness early in 1947, more than a year before the present South African Government assumed office.

Up to the beginning of 1947 this hospital, in common with other mission hospitals, had looked to the Department of Native Affairs for financial assistance, and that Department had always treated it with sympathy and generosity. With the passing of new Hospital Ordinances in the various Provinces, however, the responsibility of the Department of Native Affairs ceased, and the mission hospitals were informed that they must henceforth look for assistance to the Provincial authorities of the particular Province in which they happened to be situated. Unfortunately, while mission hospitals in the Transvaal, the Orange Free State and Natal have been treated on the whole very fairly, those in the Cape Province have come off badly, for the Cape Provincial authorities decided to class mission hospitals with private hospitals conducted for gain and to subsidise them at such a rate that it has become very difficult for many of them to carry on.

Your correspondent was right in laying at the door of the present South African Government the responsibility for stopping grants to feed native children in the schools, though it would have been more accurate to have said that the grants have been so drastically reduced (a minute fraction of a penny per child per day is all that is now allowed) that the continuance of native school feeding has become almost impracticable, but it is only just to point out that the financial strain under which our hospital staff at Batlharos is trying to carry on its work is in no way due to the action of the Union Government, but is the result of the policy of the Cape Province towards mission hospitals which was formulated before the present Government came into power.

JOHN KIMBERLEY & KURUMAN

Bishopsgarth,
Kimberley, South Africa.

PREMIUMS

SIR,—I have noticed with some interest your comment in your issue of January 21st on the Landlord and Tenant (Rent Control) Act, 1949.

I would like to point out that your comment that all premiums are now unlawful except where a tenant is passing on to an assignee a premium which he was lawfully required to pay is incorrect.

The effect of this Act is to make unlawful the demanding of premiums in respect of any flat or house to which the principal Rent Restrictions Acts would apply, that is to say, any residential property in London with a rateable value of £100 or under with corresponding figures of £90 and £75 for Scotland and the remainder of England respectively. Any property, therefore, which has a rateable value in the London area in excess of £100 is not subject to the Act and a premium can be required.

In addition it is only fair to point out that in general practice the term premium is often used to cover the sale of furniture and/or fixtures and fittings. Section III of the Act recognises this fact and makes provision that an excessive price for such articles shall be regarded as a premium. It therefore follows that providing a reasonable price is asked for such articles a premium or consideration can be demanded from an incoming tenant. IVOR MURRAY

8 Clarges Street,
Piccadilly, London, W.1.

[Our comment suffered from compression. We are grateful to Mr. Murray and other correspondents for pointing out that there are other exceptions, apart from those we noted, to the rule that "all premiums are now unlawful." Our main concern was to point out that the Act is being evaded, premiums being everywhere demanded for "Rent Act" houses irrespective of furniture or fittings. The 1949 Act will fail unless the victims of this ramp seek redress from County Court or Rent Tribunal, whichever is appropriate.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

ROMMEL

SIR,—Efforts to whitewash Rommel continue—as indeed they must if public opinion in this country is ever to become reconciled to the idea of a Western German army, under Nazi command, as an integral part of Western Union's military machine.

I wonder whether any of your readers are aware of a little-publicised episode which took place while Rommel was in command of all Axis forces in North Africa.

Ours was a small unit in the Middle East whose function, among others, was the examination of captured chemical warfare material and equipment. One day, in 1943, we received a consignment of tins —they were similar in appearance to 2 lb. marmalade tins—marked ZYKLON. The contents—a whitish substance—were analysed and a report duly sent in. No definite suggestion was made in the report as to the uses of ZYKLON. The quantities involved and their state of concentration ruled out the only possible suggestion: pest destruction.

Many months later, in mid-1944, if I remember rightly, *Parade*, the weekly published by GHQ, MEF, for the forces, appeared with a centre page illustrated report on the first death camps which the Soviet armies met in their advance through Poland. My attention was immediately caught by a familiar object. In the foreground, among a number of cyanide cylinders and generators of different types used in the death camps, was a tin of ZYKLON.

I looked up our records. Our ZYKLON tins had contained potassium cyanide. The tins we had kept were exactly similar in appearance to the one illustrated. Your readers may remember that, in addition to large Jewish communities in the principal towns, there were still in Egypt many "fuorusciti" and refugees from the Metaxas terror in Greece.

I cannot but ask myself whether Brigadier Young was aware, when writing his book, that Rommel had, among his army stores, potential Auschwitzes and Belsens. ANTI-BLEACH

PASSFIELD LETTERS

SIR,—The Passfield Trustees are making arrangements for the writing of a biography of Lord Passfield. They have deposited his papers in the British Library of Political and Economic Science, which he founded in 1896, and would be grateful if anyone in possession of letters from him would allow the originals or copies of them to be added to this collection. Owners of letters are invited to communicate with the Librarian, Houghton Street, Aldwych, London, W.C.2.

A. M. CARR-SAUNDERS
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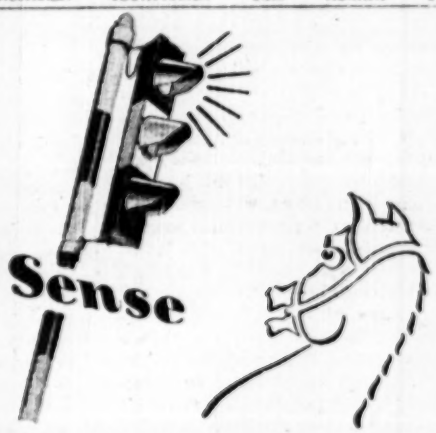

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Books in General

"For behold!" wrote the young Mr. Beerbohm, in a famous essay in *The Yellow Book*, "The Victorian era comes to its end and the day of *sancta simplicitas* is quite ended. The old signs are here and the portents to warn the seer of life that we are ripe for a new epoch of artifice." And among the other manifestations of the not always holy complexities which superseded the holy simplicities, artifice there certainly was.

The Nineties, the Beardsley Period, the Tragic Generation, *fin de siècle*—the terms are vague, they say too little and they claim too much; yet they stand for something real, and today, when whole examination papers in Cambridge are devoted to George Eliot, when from all sides we are assured that we are turning ever more wistfully to the nineteenth century as to a golden age, we might well take a glance also at the work of the men who were in such unconscionable haste to bury it. They, after all, were born in it, they were made by it, and they had had enough of it. And their work is their comment on it. Now, we are offered the chance, in part at any rate, of looking at their work again in the selection Mr. Norman Denny has made from the thirteen volumes of *The Yellow Book*.*

In part; for the truth is, the first numbers excepted, *The Yellow Book* never came up to the great reputation it has acquired through the years following its decease. If we had only *The Yellow Book* to go on we might well wonder what all the fuss was about. Mr. Denny has done his job well; he has produced a single volume which can stand for the whole. Only once, I think, has he been caught out by his conception of what *The Yellow Book* and the Nineties were; when he writes: "Another omission is H. G. Wells's 'A Slip Under The Microscope.' But it was his only contribution: he was not really a *Yellow Book* man." But this is to beg the question. Was Gissing, with his characteristic, sombre story of a superfluous woman, any more a *Yellow Book* man? Was James, with "The Death of the Lion"? Was Enoch Arnold Bennett, with his story "A Letter Home"? Was John Buchan, with his story of a Scottish Satan? Or were Dr. Richard Garnett or William Watson more typical of the magazine? The names of such writers, all of whom appear in Mr. Denny's pages, are enough to show how risky generalisation about *The Yellow Book* and its period must be.

Mr. Denny notes that the magazine "stirred up its own commotion, whose violence is hard to believe in as in these days one looks through the pages. What is scarcely less astonishing is that the name should have become so largely associated with the terms 'decadence' and '*fin de siècle*.'." Yet it wasn't so very astonishing. Henry James has left us an account, in the preface to *The Lesson of the Master*, of how he was called upon on a Sunday afternoon in the spring of 1894 by Henry Harland, who came "to bespeak my interest for a periodical about to take birth, in his hands, on the most original 'lines' and with the happiest omens." He goes on:

> The bravest of the portents that Sunday afternoon—the intrinsic, of course I mean; the only ones today worth speaking of—I have yet to mention; for I recall my rather embarrassed inability to measure as yet the contributory value of Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, by whom my friend was accompanied and who, as his prime illustrator, his perhaps even quite independent picture-maker, was to be in charge of the "art-department." This young man, slender, pale, delicate, unmistakably intelligent, somehow invested the whole proposition with a detached, a slightly ironic and melancholy grace. I had met him before, on a single occasion, and had seen an example or two of his so curious and so disconcerting talent—my appreciation of which seems to me, however, as I look back, to have stopped quite short.

James was not the only one whose appreciation of Beardsley's curious and disconcerting talent stopped quite short—and in the early issues of *The Yellow Book* there was no escaping it; it provided the setting in which all the other contributions, literary and pictorial, appeared and so established the dominant tone. After the fourth issue Beardsley ceased to be art-editor. William Watson's appreciation had stopped so far short that he had written to Harland saying that unless Beardsley's work was banished from the magazine he would contribute no more. It was the eve of the Wilde trial; the British public was gripped in one of its periodic attacks of brutal and savage morality; and Beardsley was sacked. With him gone, *The Yellow Book* lost its especial distinction; it became just a good magazine, in which *sancta simplicitas*, symbolised by the work of William Watson and Richard Le Gallienne, found an assured place.

In the following year, 1896, Beardsley emerged again, as art-editor of *The Savoy*, whose editor was Arthur Symons. It is by this periodical, which ran for eight issues, that *The Yellow Book* must be judged, for what *The Yellow Book* promised in its first numbers with Beardsley and Beerbohm and Yeats, *The Savoy* fulfilled. This country can never have seen a better literary magazine; less handsome in its format than *The Yellow Book*, its reproductions of illustrations poorer, it is distinguished by a seriousness—even in its artifice—which *The Yellow Book* could not rival even while it still possessed Beardsley. In his editorial note to the first issue Symons had said: "We are not Realists, or Romanticists, or Decadents. For us, all art is good which is good art"; and the list of contributors emphasises again the dangers of too narrow an interpretation of the Nineties: it includes Shaw, Yeats, Dowson, Havelock Ellis, Lionel Johnson, Max Beerbohm, Crackenthorpe, Conrad and always and all the time Symons and Beardsley.

The most interesting thing about it is the unity of the whole magazine throughout its eight issues. We do not, I think, usually consider either Ellis or Shaw as men of the Nineties, but when we read them here we must, it seems to me, revise our opinion. For there is one quality which to a greater or less degree is shared by all the contributors; Ellis indicates it in a phrase he applies to Flaubert in his study of Zola: "that perfect self-control which should always accompany audacity." The self-control was not always there; the lack of it vitiates the poetry of Dowson, for instance; but there can be no question of the audacity. And the audacity, whatever form it might take, whether aesthetic, as with Yeats, Symons and Beardsley, or social and political, as with Shaw, had its basis in the same one thing, a sense of liberation from Victorian values, a sense of having moved into a larger air of ideas (whether those of Ibsen, Marx, the Concourts or Mallarmé) than the Ideas and Beliefs of the Victorians could provide. The protest—for the audacity had the over-statement of the protest—was equally valid whether it assumed the shape of Shaw's ruthless puritanism or Beardsley's learned and perverse artifice—and the quality in Shaw which probably most caught the attention of the time was not his puritanism but the genius for wit, epigram and paradox which he shared with Wilde:

> As a modern man, concerned with matters of fine art and living in London by the sweat of my brain, I dwell in a world which, unable to live by bread alone, lives spiritually on alcohol and morphia . . . If from the fine art of today we set aside feelingless or prosaic art, which is, properly, not fine art at all, we may safely refer most of the rest to feeling produced by the teapot, the bottle, or the hypodermic syringe. An exhibition of the cleverest men and women in London at 5 p.m., with their afternoon tea cut off, would shatter many illusions. Tea and coffee and cigarettes produce conversation; lager beer and pipes produce routine journalism; wine and gallantry produce brilliant journalism, essays and novels; brandy and cigars produce violently devotional or erotic poetry; morphia produces tragic exaltation (useful on the stage); and sobriety produces an average curate's sermon . . .

In "On Going to Church" the self-control is as perfect as the audacity. It is equally so, it seems to me, in Beardsley's "Under the Hill," as it is in his drawings. And as protest, as a contemptuous kick in the teeth for all that the Victorians traditionally stand for, "Under the Hill" is quite as effective as Shaw:

> As for the rest of the company, it boasted some very noticeable dresses, and whole tables of quite delightful coiffures. There were spotted veils which seemed to stain the skin, fans with eye-slits in them, through which the bearers peeped and peered; fans painted with figures and covered with the sonnets of Sporion and the short stories of Scaramouch; and fans of big, living moths stuck upon mounts of silver sticks. There were masks of green velvet that made the face look trebly powdered; masks of the heads of birds, of apes, of serpents, of dolphins, of men and women, of little embryons and of cats; masks like the faces of gods; masks of coloured glass, and masks of thin talc and of india-rubber . . . Some of the women had put on delightful little moustaches dyed in purples and bright greens, twisted and waxed with absolute skill; and some wore great white beards, after the manner of St. Wilgeforte. The Dorat had painted extraordinary grotesques and vignettes over their bodies, here and there. Upon a cheek, an old man scratching his horned head; upon a forehead, an old woman teased by an impudent amor; upon a shoulder, an amorous singerie; round a breast, a circlet of satyrs; about a wrist, a wreath of pale, unconscious babes; upon an elbow, a bouquet of spring flowers; across a back, some surprising scenes of adventure; at the corners of a mouth, tiny red spots; and upon a neck, a flight of birds,

* *The Yellow Book*: A selection compiled by Norman Denny. *Bodley Head*. 15s.

a caged parrot, a branch of fruit, a butterfly, a spider, a drunken dwarf, or, simply, some initials.

The supper provided by the ingenious Rambouillet was quite beyond parallel. Never had he created a more exquisite menu . . Mere hunger quickly gave place to those finer instincts of the pure gourmet, and the strange wines, cooled in buckets of snow, unloosed all the décolleté spirits of astonishing conversation and atrocious laughter.

Revolts, of course, wear themselves out; the audacious becomes the orthodox; and there comes a time when the protester wakes up to find that he is repeating the same words as everyone else, even if in a louder voice. The early deaths of some of the principal figures of the Nineties, Beardsley in 1898, Wilde in 1900, Dowson in the same year, and Lionel Johnson in 1902, seem to set a natural term to the period. Too often we forget that their survivors were also men of the Nineties: Shaw, who, had he died when Wilde did, would have been remembered as Wilde is, as a wit; Yeats; Housman, whose *A Shropshire Lad* was probably the finest single book of verse the decade produced, and as "decadent" as any; and the realist novelists like Moore and Bennett. But when, after the first world war, we grew weary of heroics and noble platitudes, the spirit of the Nineties asserted itself again: in *Eminent Victorians*, the early stories and novels of Aldous Huxley, the art of Ronald Firbank and *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock*. And if we are too earnest in the future, we may expect it to rise again.

WALTER ALLEN

SEASONABLE THOUGHTS FOR INTELLECTUALS: AT PORTLAND

Cold chisels of wind, ice-age-edged,
Hammered hard at the marble block of
This mutilated island. Wind like a wedge
Splitting the cross-grained, bitter sea.
What a pity no artist or master mason
Aims the blows blind Nature lays on!

Flint flakes of a wintry sea
Shaling off the horizon
In endless, anonymous, regimental order.
Fish or fowl should laugh to see
Such penitential hordes of water.
Not so merrily laugh we.

A shag, wave-hopping in emblematic flight
Across that molten iron, seems
Less a bird than the shadow of some higher
bird above,
So purposely, invulnerably it skims.
But there's no sun, and Neptune's unreflective,
And anyway, who wants a fowl's directive?

Out there, the Race spits up tall geysers
Of spindrift spooks dancing with rage.
Up, the Furies! Tally-ho, Death Wish!
Chivvy the reds and blues, the thugs and the
appeasers!
Worry 'em, Angst! Pull down this ill-found age
With its load of V.I.P.s, vulgarities and visas!

* * *

O sea, with your wolverine running,
Your slavering over the land's end,
Great waves gulping in granite pot-holes,
Smacking your lips at the rocks you'd devour,
Belching and belly-rumbling in caves,
Sucking your teeth on the shingle!—
How amusing to think that, before
You've more than nibbled a trilliionth of the meal,
A piece of jelly which came from your maw
Some aeons ago, and contracted a soul,
May atomise earth and himself and you—
Yes, blow the whole bloody issue back into the
blue.

C. DAY LEWIS

VICTIM OF POWER POLITICS

Czechoslovakia Enslaved. By HUBERT RIPKA. *Gollancz.* 18s.

About four o'clock [on February 25] Zenkl, Drtina, Krajina, Firt and I met at Stransky's to await the telephone call which was to summon us to the President. When nothing happened, I called the Hradcany to inquire if we would still be received during the day. To my stupefaction, I was told that the President had just given his approval to the new list handed him by Gottwald. We were utterly crushed. None of us could understand what had caused this abrupt change in the attitude of the President of the Republic.

We were never to see Benes again; never again did we receive any message from him. To this moment we have never been able to find out what happened in the Hradcany during that fatal morning of February 25, 1948.

For five days Benes had resisted the pressing demands of Gottwald and the other Communist leaders to accept the resignations of the 12 anti-Communist ministers and to approve the new Communist-dominated cabinet; and the story of these five days reads, as told by Mr. Ripka, like the five acts of a sombre tragedy, the central figure of which is an old man, tired, gravely ill, and with something of that streak of defeatism and of that tendency to bow to brute force which are so often said to be characteristics of the Czech character. During the first four days, Benes seemed to stand firm and remained unimpressed by the threatening tone of the mass meeting the Communists had called in the Old Town Square of Prague; the story the National Socialist ministers told him of the anti-Communist fighting spirit shown at public meetings in the provinces seemed to cheer him; once he flew into a violent harangue against Moscow and its rulers; and yet, even during those first four days of firmness, Mr. Ripka and his colleagues were disturbed by certain signs of wavering and hesitation on Benes's part. This story of Benes is marked by an almost Shakespearean pathos, and as one reads this section of Mr. Ripka's book, one is so absorbed by the human drama that one almost forgets about its political implications.

Yet this is primarily a political book and, indeed, one of the most important of its kind. I am generally distrustful of books by *émigrés* and their wholehearted supporters; the greater part of such books are too fanatical, and memoirs like those of General Anders, or ex-Ambassador Bliss Lane are of little or no historic value. The book by Mr. Ripka, who was Minister of Foreign Trade in the Czech Government until the February Revolution, is in quite a different class. Not only is Mr. Ripka (except for a few unfortunate gallicisms) a brilliant writer, but he tries—usually successfully—not to allow his political passions to run away with him. The characters are all superbly alive—Drtina, the passionate democrat, fighting triumphantly a losing battle and then throwing himself out of the window when all is lost; Gottwald, peevish, sarcastic, often flying into a rage, and a supreme master of "pulling fast ones", with the Kremlin's help, on his unfortunate "bourgeois" colleagues in his Coalition Cabinet; and, in the background, Stalin himself, "cordial, jovial, but not yielding an inch."

Many readers will be surprised by the first half of Mr. Ripka's book, dealing with the period from 1945 to what he calls the "turning point" in July 1947, when Stalin ordered Czechoslovakia to reject Marshall Aid. "From that moment Czechoslovakia became a satellite." But even before, there never ceased, behind a façade of national solidarity, the relentless struggle between the Communists and the non-Communists. Mr. Ripka particularly stresses the fact that, throughout these first, relatively "happy" years, the Communists were doing everything to gain gradual control of the police, partly by creating all sorts of rival police forces with no centralised command, and partly by capturing the key positions in the police and security services. It was on this issue of the communisation of the police that the latent crisis finally came into the open in February 1948; quite rightly, it seems, the anti-Communists decided to challenge the Communists over this issue, rather than over nationalisation, since it was on the police issue, more than on any other, that public opinion, including Socialist opinion, was behind them.

But, as Mr. Ripka shows, the fight over the police had started long before 1948, or even 1947. Nevertheless, Mr. Ripka did not, for a long time, give up hope that Czechoslovakia might remain a "happy synthesis" of East and West, combining civil liberties with a planned Socialist economy—though, on this last point, he had a good many reservations. Total nationalisation, he thought, was compatible only with a totalitarian dictatorship, and that was partly why he and his party fought tooth and nail against the extension of nationalisation to small-scale industry and even to wholesale trade.

> In a democracy based on several parties, each seems to exercise a decisive influence on this or that of the nationalised industries. This competition among the parties affects production adversely. This danger can be avoided only if the parties are suppressed by the institution of a dictatorship. Since a state-managed industry presupposes a strong central authority, it can prosper only under a totalitarian regime . . . I therefore proclaimed the necessity for a mixed political and economic system, only possible basis for a real democracy.

This is, in a way, a confirmation of the Communists' logic, and there is a certain contradiction between this statement and Mr. Ripka's final chapter in which he claims that under the new regime everything is going to rack and ruin, and that Czechoslovakia is today merely a victim of Russian colonial exploitation. This is one of the few bits of *émigré* oversimplification to be found in the book. The rest of it is very thoughtful.

Why did Czechoslovak democracy fall? Mr. Ripka examines the question very carefully. His principal conclusion is that it fell because of the terrible tension that developed between Russia and the Western Powers in 1947. It fell because Moscow had decided that the era of happy East-West compromises (and Czechoslovakia was such a compromise) was over. It also fell because the Communists were completely ruthless in their methods, and were fully supported by Russia; while the non-Communists had failed to organise their following, were divided and uncertain (except for a few), and were not receiving from the West anything like the support the Communists were receiving from Russia. Mr. Ripka also analyses the immediate reasons why the *coup d'état* was precipitated: Moscow thought the Communists would lose 8 to 10 per cent. of their votes in the election of 1948 (this might, or might not have been so); they thought that the time was ripe for consolidating the Eastern bloc, with the Communists ousted from the French and Italian Governments, and with Tito beginning to cause trouble; also, whereas in the other People's Democracies, Socialists and Communists were uniting under Russian pressure, in Czechoslovakia the Brno Congress in November 1947, with its defeat of Fierlinger, had, on the contrary, marked a growing consolidation of an anti-Communist bloc. The establishment, after the elections, of a mixed Liberal-Socialist-Communist regime, with strong pro-Western tendencies, would be a danger to the whole fabric of Soviet power in Eastern Europe.

It must be said that the Russians played their hand far better than the Western powers. Although Ripka tends to minimise the effect of the 600,000 tons of wheat and forage that Stalin agreed to send Czechoslovakia after her disastrous harvest of 1947, it was, in reality, an important contributory cause of the Communist victory; similarly, Czech opinion had been made nervous by the propaganda to the effect that Marshall Aid would, first and foremost, contribute to the revival of Germany. Only in passing does Mr. Ripka allude to the opportunities the West lost to convince Czech opinion of its friendship. I hope Mr. Ripka will correct me if I am wrong

in recalling our meeting in Moscow in November 1947, when he went there to sign the "wheat agreement" with the Russians. Then, if I remember rightly, he said: "Oh, the goddam fools! What a difference it would have made to Czechoslovakia if they had listened to our request to let us have wheat! If they, and not the Russians, had sent it to us! But no; they kept attaching political strings to it, which we could not possibly consider. So now Stalin and Gottwald have fixed it all up, and Russia is going to get the credit for 'saving the Czechs from starvation'." The "goddam fools" were, of course, Mr. Ripka's American friends, with whom he had pleaded in vain.

ALEXANDER WERTH

BOX AND COX AT BOULGE

Into An Old Room. By PETER DE POLNAY. *Secker & Warburg.* 12s. 6d.

The Old Room, where Mr. de Polnay spent seventeen months, from April, 1946 to September, 1947, was at Boulge Hall in Suffolk, the residence of the FitzGerald family in Victorian days. On the night of his arrival there the figure of Edward FitzGerald appeared to Mr. de Polnay in a dream—a huge man in dark tweeds, wearing clumping boots and breathing heavily. Beside Edward stood his elder brother, John FitzGerald, similarly attired and also breathing heavily. Mr. de Polnay was considerably impressed by this experience, as the appearance of the two brothers tallied with the description by an old clergyman, who remembered seeing them as a boy. Although absolutely silent throughout his dream, these visions were bearers of a message to his waking mind: he was to write a book about Edward FitzGerald.

Then FitzGerald's great-niece turned up in real life and refused Mr. de Polnay permission to do any such thing. "I know the sort of book you would write," she said, "like Lytton Strachey's." This lady's disapproval, however, did not deter Mr. de Polnay; if anything, it encouraged him. The very fact that the great-niece denied the existence of any mystery about her great-uncle's life confirmed Mr. de Polnay's belief that there must be one, and that it was incumbent on him to unravel it. Perhaps, at this juncture, a quotation from the preface will best convey both the piety of the enterprise and the style it evokes in the author;

> It is a difficult task to approach an eminent Victorian. He is covered with a shroud of respectability and nothing peeps out. Yet during my stay at Boulge, next door to his grave, I felt him signalling with all his eccentricity, originality, genius and greatness: signalling from underneath the shroud. And the trees, the Suffolk wind and the wildflowers called out for him.

I have dealt at some length with the motives that produced the book, because a popular cosmopolitan novelist seems hardly the most suitable investigator into the life of an unworldly and fastidious poet. But Mr. de Polnay is not a roaring success as a novelist for nothing: his method of biography is at least peculiar and spectacular. In the first place he disarms the usual line of criticism by disclaiming any intention of writing a biography in the strict sense. He is just describing an Old Room, occupied mostly by Mr. de P. gazing out of the window, but with FitzGerald popping in every now and then unexpectedly to give colour to the proceedings. There are times when the reader may feel uneasily that he is just being sucked along in the slipstream of Mr. de Polnay's consciousness, as the author reminds himself of his subject and then forgets all about it to go off shooting a few pheasants. But when, almost to one's surprise, FitzGerald does walk into the room, Mr. de Polnay switches over to him the same intense appreciation that he was previously devoting to himself. Despite the differences between them of age, temperament and nationality he is determined to get to the bottom of this bald old recluse. He consults the MSS. at Cambridge in Trinity College Library; he builds up a bibliography; he questions the local inhabitants; he tries to see ghosts. After the donkey work of research he calls on his novelist's flair to sift the material and fill in the gaps: and the fun begins in earnest. Mr. de Polnay dances round "Old Fitz," almost intoxicated by the power of his own imagination. "I could turn him into a Fascist or a Communist, were I so disposed, by taking certain sentences out of their context." "One can hang any theories on the backs of the dead; they do not notice them." As it is, he finds that FitzGerald became a little like a pollard oak and a church steeple by living in proximity to these objects; and that he harboured a Catholic streak in his agnostic breast through listening to church bells in France at the age of seven. He even takes FitzGerald to an imaginary cocktail party and decides what the other guests would think of him. At other times Mr. de Polnay seems actually to be trying to climb inside his victim in order to become better acquainted: as when he borrows FitzGerald's eyes to look round at his circle of friends; or when he feels the poet's senses longing "for the burning images of Persia" while writing a letter. Such sympathetic feats of understanding are likely to be bewildering; and it is convenient to turn to the index, where Mr. de Polnay's main observations are reduced to tabular form. Under the heading "Conflicting Characteristics" come "wilful eccentricity," "wilful in habits," "wilful in dress," "recluse," "irritable," "jealous," "intolerant," "lazy," "romantic" and "charitable," while the category of "Delights" ends with "weathercocks" and "toasted cheese." As for "wit," "modesty" and "chastity," they crop up *passim*.

Has "the mystery" of Edward FitzGerald been solved? Long ago, one would think, by Havelock Ellis; who pointed out that the frustration which he suffered (all those conflicting characteristics, in fact) was the hall-mark of the suppressed homosexual. The profuse evidence of FitzGerald's sentimental male friendships confirms the diagnosis. The strange marriage with Lucy Barton, late in his life and hers, only lasted a few months, and was universallly recognised as a *mariage blanche*. There was a rumour that, while an undergraduate at Cambridge, FitzGerald became the father of an illegitimate child by a tradesman's daughter; but, as far as I know, there was only a family tradition to substantiate it; and Mr. de Polnay makes no reference to the subject. If true, it would only prove that a single experience of heterosexual indulgence was enough to disgust FitzGerald with such practices for life; for his essential homosexuality is clear enough to modern eyes. No one, however, suggests that his feelings for men ever carried him beyond the bounds of sentimentality. That type of thwarted homosexual is by no means uncommon. The twist of emotion from a physical to a mental outlet brings with it chronic discontent and—once in a while—a great work of genius like the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.

Mr. de Polnay, acknowledging his debt to Havelock Ellis, adds a contribution of his own to the hypothesis. "Thackeray," he says, "was the first man for whom FitzGerald felt 'the high wind of love,' and it was disappointment with Thackeray that embittered him for the rest of his life." The two became close friends at Cambridge; but afterwards Thackeray went soaring off on his social ambitions into the great world, while "Old Fitz" was left pottering in Suffolk. "Oh, if Willy had remained with him for always, always; alone with him and completely with him." Such is the low moaning that Mr. de Polnay attributes to the neglected lover. But the language evokes less the fastidious classical scholar, less even Lytton Strachey, than the incorrigible romantic novelist.

Into an Old Room, for all its enthusiasm and volubility and Mr. de Polnay's free use of his "very personal idiom," as the blurb has it, hardly tells us more of Edward FitzGerald than we could gather more painfully for ourselves from the rather stodgy biography published three years ago by Mr. Terhune. But it does tell us a considerable amount about Mr. de Polnay: and that may very well be the author's ultimate intention.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

PERSONAL POLITICS

Bermondsey Story. By FENNER BROCKWAY. *Allen & Unwin.* 15s.

A Life's Work. By MARGARET BONDFIELD. *Hutchinson.* 20s.

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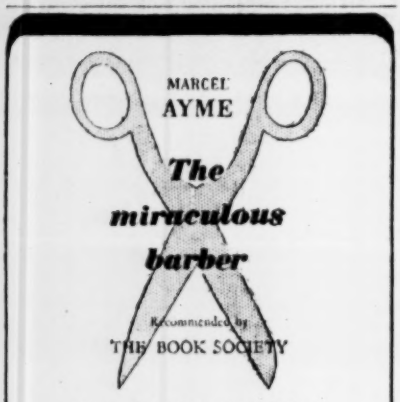
Dr. Alfred Salter was the son of a Plymouth Brother who earned his living as a minor official of the Metropolitan Gas Company. At the age of 16 he won a scholarship to Guy's. A few years later, appalled by the slums through which he walked to the hospital, the most brilliant student of his year had become "Citizen Salter," agnostic, republican and Socialist, boldly remaining seated when His Majesty was toasted at the



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> I am certain that the purpose which has delivered me from a life of restless ambition and self-aggrandisement, which is shaping my ends independently of my inclinations, and which sent me down to live and work in Bermondsey—that purpose and that will has given us to each other as surely as it prevented you from leaving Bermondsey. We are to be given over to the service of Bermondsey, to be her faithful servants, if need be, to give our lives for her.

So he wrote to his wife; and for forty years he could be seen almost any day visiting his patients or his electors, very upright on his very upright bicycle, severe yet at times unbending in uproarious fun; uncompromising yet astonishingly gentle; righteous, but nearly always wrong.

Bermondsey Story is the tragedy of a latter-day saint. Fenner Brockway fills it with humour, pathos and vitality, but he also lets us see a whole epoch of Socialism through the eyes of this one remarkable man: the break with the Liberals; the long uphill struggle to bring the I.L.P., the Co-ops. and the Unions together; the fight for "the C.o's" during the First World War; the glorious Twenties when Red Bermondsey vied with Red Vienna in municipal Socialism and shone with a peculiar sweetness which the Austro-Marxists never achieved; and then the gathering gloom of the Thirties and the thunderclap of the Blitz which destroyed, not merely the physical embodiment of Salter's work—the Labour Institute, the Co-op. bakery and his beloved trees—not merely his wife, but even more terrible the pacificism which he had instilled into the hearts of Bermondsey people. Nothing is more tragic in *Bermondsey Story* than the moment in 1940 when the Borough Council decided to dismiss out of hand all conscientious objectors in its service; nothing more awe-inspiring than Salter's last lonely speech in an uninterested and almost empty House of Commons. Salter's faith in the movement he had helped to build and for which he had sacrificed his only daughter—she died of a disease caught in the Bermondsey slums—was shattered. Uncompromising, he broke even with the Peace Pledge Union because it did not cast out free love. On his death bed in August, 1945, he was left a man alone with his Creator. The story is as terrible as any Greek tragedy but told with such sympathy that the final impression is not one of misery, but of pathetic grandeur.

Miss Margaret Bondfield's autobiography is no work of art. Compiled rather than composed, and heavily over-weighted with slabs of American and Russian travel diaries, it is as wholesome and as lumpy as uncooked porridge. Nevertheless I found a great deal to mark and remember, particularly in the pages describing her life as a shop assistant and trade union organiser at the turn of the century which read like the raw material of an early H. G. Wells novel. But as Miss Bondfield rises in the trade union hierarchy, her own interest in the book seems to flag; and though she possesses humour, wit and a most attractive vitality, they rarely emerge as vividly as in this passage written on her first day as the first woman member of a Cabinet:

> June 8th, 1929. Rose at 5.30 a.m. Tidied the flat and went to early Communion; back at 9 a.m. to dress for Windsor. A simple matter, as I had little time for new clothes. The coat and hat I had worn through the Election campaign was pressed and brushed, and I had a new white silk shirt and gloves. I was neat and tidy and not conspicuous. Sir Maurice Hankey had kindly consulted an authority at Buckingham Palace who thought I should wear a hat during the ceremony. To this I could not agree, and later my hatlessness was approved as being more suitable to the occasion.

In those sentences are to be found something of the essential greatness of the British Labour Movement.

Charlotte Haldane—ex-wife of J. B. S. Haldane and ex-Communist—lacks neither the power of recollection nor the ability to write. She is passionately proud of her Fleet Street training—when she met Haldane she was writing Society chit-chat on the *Daily Express*—and *Truth Will Out* is an excellent piece of journalism, in particular the chapter dealing with her experiences as an organiser in Paris for the International Brigade and some brilliant reflections on a journey through China. But I cannot help feeling that this would have been a much better book if Mrs. Haldane had waited to recollect all her emotions in tranquillity instead of emitting one of them in what is still the first flush of her conversion from Communism. After all, her four years in the Party were only one emotional experience in a kaleidoscopic life; and, in perspective, her personal relationships, of which we hear far too little, may be of more artistic importance then her brief and rather conventional incursion into Communist politics.

Like so many other short-term Communists, Mrs. Haldane was never interested in workaday politics; indeed she tells us that she still regards them as a dirty business. It was not the condition of the people around her, but the sudden flaring vision of Fascism which roused her to plunge straight out of Bloomsbury into King Street without a glance at the humdrum work of the Labour Movement to which Dr. Salter and Miss Bondfield devoted their lives. Mrs. Haldane is naturally anxious that others should benefit from her experience and devotes a chapter to an analysis of the psychology of the typical British Communist. Here she misses the most striking characteristic of this kind of politician, cocksure amateurishness. Though she herself would have heartily despised anyone who believed that he could become a serious composer by reading one book on harmony, she apparently believed that a course of Marx would make her a politician. The trouble is that politics, like journalism or teaching, is both a vocation and a craft, which can only be acquired by laborious application. In the course of repudiating Communism, Mrs. Haldane has learnt one lesson, that politics is not her *métier*. The second lesson which is much more irksome, is that her present anti-Communism is as amateurish as her past Communism. Now that she has got *Truth Will Out* off her chest and Communism out of her system I hope that she will write the real personal autobiography of which she is capable.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

GLOWING WALLS

The Ancient Glass of Canterbury Cathedral. By BERNARD RACKHAM. *Lund Humphries.* £12 12s.

Medieval Glass at All Souls College. By F. E. HUTCHINSON. *Faber.* 21s.

Canterbury is the most important place of pilgrimage for the student of English stained glass. There may be more ancient windows in York. But to see glass of the great period, the end of the twelfth and the beginning of the thirteenth century, we must go to Canterbury, for Canterbury alone can offer, when its windows are in place, something of the sense of rich colour which the thirteenth-century architect planned for his church to give. In modern conditions, his work is often known to us as a light, airy, soaring structure. It was originally planned to be dark and mysterious, within glowing walls of colour, a twilight in which candles would show, even in daylight, as flickering points of brilliance, and the outlines of the vaulted ceilings be seen only dimly in the coloured light from the clerestory windows. The later medieval architects built with a different purpose. Their glass was designed not only to glow but also to let in the light. But in the greatest period of glass-making, there is no doubt of their intention and at Canterbury alone in England can we be aware of it.

So it is fitting that this magnificent book should have been produced about the Canterbury glass, a book which is hardly likely in its line ever to be rivalled. To reproduce glass in colour is particularly difficult because in the original the light is translucent, whereas a reproduction, like a painting, shines with light that is reflected. The difficulty is as nearly solved as it is ever likely to be in some of the twenty-one colour plates in this book. Two-thirds of these are devoted to glass of the great period, but there are some fine things among the later glass also. It is astonishing (in view of the poor quality o almost all illumination in England after 1440) that English glass painters could produce work as lovely as the angel of Plate XVIII, or portraj-

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ture as distinctive as the figure of Elizabeth Woodville in Plate XIX.

In Mr. Rackham's text we have the advantage not only of his own unrivalled connoisseurship in this field, but also of his association with a craftsman who has worked for generations on the glass, Mr. Samuel Caldwell. The slightest experience of the restoration of ancient glass proves at once the unique value of the knowledge gained by a craftsman actually working on it. He can tell at a touch whether a tiny fragment belongs to the thirteenth or fifteenth century, or to a recent restoration. These plates show that the Canterbury glass has indeed passed through many hands, but also that most of the restorations now visible are of fine quality. Thus it may be rash to base an argument on the detailed lines of the drawing of a face (for here in particular a number of restorations can be seen); but the artists who replaced broken or corroded glass at Canterbury did so with a taste and sympathy to be envied by most churches where any ancient glass still remains.

The glass at All Souls College, described and illustrated in Canon Hutchinson's book, belongs to the fifteenth century. It falls into two categories: the earlier glass was probably made in Oxford, and the designers followed closely, for some of the windows, the cartoons which had been used earlier for the glass at New College, Oxford, and at Winchester, though they brought them up to date in a way which provides a series of interesting contrasts. The remainder was, almost certainly, the work of John Prudde of Westminster. Many of the heads of the figures are modern, being nineteenth-century restorations, and there can be no doubt that the nineteenth-century "Gothic revival" artists found their ideas in closer harmony with the fifteenth century than with the earlier work. Apart from evidence of corrosion, it is often very hard to be certain how much restoration has taken place.

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NEW NOVELS

The Sure Thing. By MERLE MILLER. *Lehmann.* 10s. 6d.

There's No Home. By ALEXANDER BARON. *Cape.* 9s. 6d.

The Factory. By VERA PANOVA. *Putnam.* 9s. 6d.

> . . . . often you sat
> Beside me in the Park and told me stories
> Of couples in the panting unfair city
> Who loved each other all their lives.

The Sure Thing is a story of a couple in the panting unfair city, featuring Washington. This couple don't, like the favoured ones in *On the Frontier*, love each other all their lives; this book tells what goes wrong with their love, which, in an uncertain world, they believed to be the sure thing. You know the story already; even in Britain something like it has appeared on the front page. Brad Douglas is in the State Department, a latecomer (he is only 32 at the time of the story) to the ranks of those who sacrificed the financial rewards of talent to help administer the New Deal. Already, in 1947, his predecessors have dropped off and fluttered downwards like autumn leaves into obscurity, death, duodenal ulcers, or the big money. Yet Douglas himself is doing well enough; he is a coming man. In a few more years, with luck, when America speaks, there will be an echo of his voice in what is said.

Within an all too credibly short time of Douglas's first suspicion that he is being followed, he is utterly ruined, finished, in danger of actual starvation. Douglas's case has been under investigation for eighteen months; the F.B.I. knows the names of everyone he has ever been friendly with, every organisation he has ever joined, subscribed to, spoken for, every hotel he has ever stayed in. They know things about Douglas that he doesn't know about himself.

It is a little difficult in fact not to feel that Mr. Miller, in the supposed interests of the drama, has been overdoing the superhuman efficiency of the F.B.I.; however, it is not they, in the end, who bring the curtain down on Brad Douglas. It is Congressman Jensen, a politician from Brad's home town, a bit jealous, a bit muddled, a bit stupid, a bit honest. Jensen talks to the press about the Red Menace in the State Department, giving Brad's name, and so putting it on the front page. This is stupid of Jensen; both the F.B.I. and his party were watching the situation and were content to wait, and poor Jensen nearly loses his Senatorial candidacy. Still, the chestnuts are pulled out of the fire, for there is in fact enough evidence for Douglas to be dismissed "in the interests of the United States."

In Brad Douglas, Mr. Miller has produced a life-like and attractive portrait of an American liberal, a man who has personal feelings about impersonal justice, a fighter devoid of cheap "intensity," a puritan who has got on terms with sex and alcohol but not with economic exploitation. *The Sure Thing* cracks like a whip; it is absorbing and painful to read; I should like to be able to say that I thought it wholly admirable as a novel.

It is difficult to define just what it is that it seems to lack. One could not equate this missing quality with subtlety. Mr. Miller is too shrewd a writer to have dealt in blacks and whites; there are no heroes or scoundrels, there are only the brave and generous and the bastards, and everybody has doubts and is a little frightened. Perhaps it is that what is called the "motivation" is a little too clear. There is a linking of cause and effect which is slightly mechanical, so that the novel reminded me a little of those football teams which one can work with a penny in the slot. There are references, of course, as there must be in a book dealing with sophisticated Americans, to psychoanalysis, but in a society in which the subconscious has become a plaything there is all the more need for a novelist to have a sense of the mystery of human personality, and it is *that* which is lacking.

This might not have struck me so forcibly if, immediately after reading *The Sure Thing*, I had not read *There's No Home*. Mr. Baron's is a book of a very different kind. There isn't much plot. An infantry battalion is being rested during the fighting in Sicily; the soldiers settle down in quarters in the slums of Catania; they are adopted by families, the enterprising and the lucky get shacked up, the others get into trouble and get out of it as best they can. Sergeant Craddock has an affair with a married woman, Graziella; Graziella's niece is turned into a child prostitute. Any publisher, reading this summary in a reader's report, would be put off at once. Yet this is really a remarkable book, a Sicilian pastoral, a celebration of "*l'amour, et la vie au soleil.*" The heart of the book is the relationship between Craddock and Graziella, between a sensible, ambitious, gentle English artisan from Slough, and an ardently submissive slum-Sicilian in whom burns the classical "flame" of sexuality:

> *me calor Aetnaeo non minor igne tenet.*

Mr. Baron's evocation of this quality in Graziella, and of the development of a mutual interest into a sleep-walking passion, has more than a reminiscence of D. H. Lawrence—it has something of the power. Here is Craddock looking at Graziella and remembering his wife:

> When he saw Graziella standing before him, miraculously still yet relaxed throughout her body, he remembered his wife standing tensed or fidgeting, a picture of impatience or uncertainty. When Graziella walked he flinched at the memory of his wife's firm stride. When Graziella received him with eyes that were like dark pools of submission he remembered his wife's eyes, always expressing some kind of conflict with his own. When Graziella embraced him hotly he remembered his wife's alternate moods of greed or unwillingness, and her pathetic gracelessness.

Mr. Baron, in fact, has got what Mr. Miller hasn't, and he displays his power and perceptions not only in presenting Graziella and Craddock, but in a whole constellation of characters, both English and Italian. There is, for instance, Captain Rumbold, the Company commander, an ex-insurance salesman, a figure larger than life, the Nietzschean hero—"courageous, unconcerned, ironical, coercive"—and the deserter, Rosario, both superbly credible.

Reading *The Factory*, I was reminded of a Russian film which I saw during the war. A patrol is setting out, over deep snow, to attack a German emplacement; they advance, cut wire, advance again. Tension grows. They halt to take bearings. Then, in a whisper, a soldier speaks: "Comrade Commander, I think we are sitting on the objective." Throughout *The Factory*, Mme Panova is sitting on the objective, bang-on all the time. The director, the chief engineer, the organiser of Communist youth, the chairman of the factory committee, the secretary

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of the town committee—they are all in unceasing, violent motion, working, quarrelling, attending meetings, brooding, planning, organising. A few central characters apart, I was never very clear about who was who; seen through the dust and smoke of Socialist competition they all had the same set appearance, personally tempestuous and publicly dedicated. The perpetual confused scurry is trying and one could not say that this is a truly revealing or deeply imaginative picture of Soviet life. Nevertheless, just because it is not propaganda directed at the West, it serves to push home, in terms of semi-private life, something of the bitter grinding struggle, the privation, and the devotion, of the Russian home front.

J. D. SCOTT

LAUREL CROWN

The Classical Tradition. By GILBERT HIGHET. *Oxford University Press.* 42*s.*

This is a valuable book. It would be rewarding, for instance, to anyone who's had a technical education and feels dissatisfied with the narrowness of his horizons. Absentee scholars could recover much, and recover it pleasantly. And the reader who turned to it for general interest would certainly not be disappointed. Indeed, it might be a revelation to him of the vitality, excitement, and intrinsic interest of a neglected world.

Time is the subject: as ancestor, as educator. *The Classical Tradition* travels a vast span, from Homer to André Gide and T. S. Eliot. It digests banquets of detail. Specifically, its subject is the influence of Greek and Roman models on European literature. A brilliantly comprehensive opening describes the channels along which Latin survived, and Greek didn't quite perish, during the Dark Ages. Then, the Renaissance: the excitement of rediscovery, the synthesis of national and classical cultures. Thereafter, more recent times, through which Mr. Highet draws a "rough but useful division": the baroque age, 1600 to about 1770: "the truly modern age, from the American and French revolutions and the industrial revolution down to our own times." A large subject, but one which might have been confined within much stricter limits. As it is, Mr. Highet has enlarged it to bursting-point. He takes a humanist view of literature. He says (whether speaking of Pindar or Wordsworth) that great writing ennobles; and that this feature of it, to him the most interesting, has been kept alive principally by classical modes and ideas. So his theme is the essential unity of this tradition inspiring or influencing, over great periods of time, great diversities of literary achievement. Unity in the empire of culture: a feeling always present in Europe, but sometimes active, sometimes only latent. Its symbol is the laurel crown. When Petrarch, first among European poets, claimed and won this it meant more to him, Mr. Highet says, "than poetic distinction":

> As a renewal of a Roman ceremony, the coronation symbolised the revival of the lofty aspirations and immortal glories of ancient Rome, and the creation of a new empire of intellectual and aesthetic culture. This was the empire which spread over half the world in the high Renaissance, which through many vicissitudes, shrinking here and advancing there, maintained its power for centuries, and which is still alive and strong . . . It was not the revival of one nation, but the re-education of Europe.

We've flattened the idea of laureateship. The connexions between poetry and politics, private inspiration and public benefit, aren't clear to us. Are they genuine? At least the symbol is still there, we do use it, and Mr. Highet would like to re-establish its full potence.

Beyond question this is difficult. It means saying something like this: the classical world held spacious beliefs about the functions of literature. Its authors have inspired ours. We also inherit from it the concepts of democracy, law, and freedom. These may be artificial, in that they discipline the natural "power urges" of men and nations. But they're validly artificial, they're workable. Greeks and Romans thought them out, and we haven't thought of anything better; we know they're good, and we ought to strengthen our faith in them by understanding. To understand, you must go back to history. At the Renaissance those countries profited, which were able to take a transfusion of the classical spirit into their own national cultures.

> Du Bellay was right. Nationalism narrows culture; extreme classicism desiccates it. To enrich a national literature by bringing into it the continent-wide and centuries-ripe culture to which it belongs is the best way to make it eternally great . . . It was the failure to complete such a synthesis that kept the Germans and certain other nations from producing any great works of literature during the sixteenth century.

The failure was in literature, that's to say. But cultural parochialism—in Germany and "certain other nations"—entailed political backwardness. The "power urges" got their run where classical influence had been only a trickle; and we do, in this year 1950, feel threats of danger from cut-off cultures. This, I think, is the pivot of Mr. Highet's argument, implied but insistent. It is as near as he can come, as perhaps anyone else could, to connecting classical inspiration in literature with European sanity in politics. Objections occur. Spain, penetrated by the classics, didn't develop; France had a tigerish revolution. And Mr. Highet frequently adds the idea of "progress," which is non-classical. It could, perhaps, be grafted, if we allow to classical influence, in its widest bearings, what I call valid artificiality.

Accept or reject the more ambitious argument, you can still sympathise with Mr. Highet's attempt to wrest literature into the centre of life; and many of his literary researches are fascinating. He blows new life into the word "classical." It implies discipline, yes: a discipline which is a liberation: controlling extravagance and fantasy, but unlimited in the power to express emotion. The Baroque Age—the age of Boileau, Poussin, Corneille—misunderstood classical discipline. It instituted a prison of rules, partly because of a false interpretation of Aristotle's Unities:

> It cannot be too often said that these were not laws laid down by the Greeks. There were few if any laws restricting the Greek poets. There were only customs, and the customs were often broken. Aristotle says that a play must have unity of action, because any work of literature must; but he cares little for the unity of time, and still less for the unity of place, except in so far as they assist the drama . . . The rules of the baroque pedants went much further than this.

And so, on Mr. Highet's map, the Romantic Revival is coloured *classical*, because it eased this exaggerated baroque tension, discontorted it, and did so with conscious, revived respect for the real bearing of the classical influence. Mr. Highet doesn't re-define *Romantic*. But the approach is interesting, it enables him to illuminate, with a mass of illustration, the literature of both periods. And he casts this light into remoter corners: the rivalling, overlapping, never-extinct influences of Pindar and Horace in European poetry, the pedantic turn taken by classical scholarship, especially in teaching (where we most feel its effects) during the nineteenth century, the modern use of the myths by French writers (Cocteau, Gide, Giraudoux, Anouilh, Sartre) as well as by psycho-analysis.

Mr. Highet doesn't quite escape the dangers of comprehensiveness. Though his style is easy and buoyant, it isn't always clear whether he's writing history, criticism, or a textbook. He overwhelms with detail, some of it too obvious; we'd be glad to be spared the more familiar illustrations of Milton's use of the classics, or Mr. Eliot's, in favour of the fuller development of an idea. In some cases—Richardson and Fielding, for instance—the insistence on the classical influence seems a little strained. Here and there we find emotional discrepancies, glib transitions, strained, plausible or dubious applications of great principles Probably they occur because Mr. Highet tried to-

Company Meeting

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A NEW RECORD

The 41st annual general meeting of F. W. Woolworth & Co., Ltd., will be held in London on 3rd March.

The following is an extract from the circulated statement of the chairman, Mr. B. E. Uffindell:—

I have much pleasure in placing before you the directors' report and accounts for the year 1949, and feel sure you will be satisfied with the results. The proposed final dividend of 1s. 4½d. making 1s. 9d. or 35 per cent. per unit of stock—now totalling 60,000,000 units instead of 30,000,000 units—accords exactly with the amount distributed as final dividend and bonus for 1948.

The volume of business during 1949 easily created a new record over the peak year of 1948. This was achieved by giving the consumer public outstanding value and satisfaction. Had it been otherwise we should naturally not have received the support they gave us. I should say here that these improved values were possible only by the loyal support of the entire staff of the Woolworth organisation, with a special word of praise to the company's buyers and many suppliers for their co-operation during the past year. It may interest you and the consumer public to know that during the year over 1,500 retail prices were reduced without affecting the value of the goods concerned, from which you will also gather that your company, as a matter of policy, reduced its profit margin, and the consumer public were not slow to appreciate this as evidenced by the very appreciable increased volume of business which in its turn brought about the increased profit. Unfortunately towards the end of 1949 prices of some commodities such as leather, non-ferrous metals, cotton and wool tended to rise in price so that certain increases in retail prices have been and will be unavoidable.

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(*General Manager for British Isles*)

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get too much in. They are minor flaws. *The Classical Tradition* is a more than considerable achievement. GILES ROMILLY

New Directions 10. Edited by JAMES LAUGHLIN. *New Directions.* 30s.

This anthology of American *avant-garde* poetry and prose, exposes one of the least pleasant trends in contemporary American letters—a preoccupation with pain for its own sake. In these five hundred pages we find a story by Howard Nemerov about a tiresome New York neurotic crucifying a young man at a party. Paul Bowles packs a professor off to his doom in the desert: his tongue is cut off by bandits and he is sold, strung around with jangling belts of old tins as an *Ouled Nail*. Tennessee Williams treats us to a horrid little piece, *Desire and the Black Masseur*, about an inhibited clerk who goes to a turkish bath and gets himself beaten-up by a huge, black masseur. "You know what to do now," whimpers the clerk *in extremis*: it takes the Negro twenty-four hours to eat him. There is also flagellation of one sort or another in stories by Leslie A. Fiedler, Donald Windham and Paul Goodman. Psychologically this lyrical approach to erotic violence may be inevitable, living as we do in the shadow of appalling suffering. Still, one wishes that at least such stories could get written in a less turgid and obsessive style. Elsewhere we have three short yet comprehensive anthologies of poetry—one French, one Peruvian, one Italian. Mary Macarthy contributes a fascinating discussion on problems of American culture in the trenchant style some of us may remember in her *Partisan Review* articles. While Evelyn Waugh reprints his maddeningly clever, supremely superficial castigation of Hollywood from the *Daily Telegraph*, Mr. Laughlin begins and ends with some pedestrian, editorial notes. Rather in the manner of Emily Post, he gives a few hints on how to bring people to the intellectual way of life: "If you have friends who are on the edge of élite taste try to put them up to where they belong . . Just leave the good books around where they can pick them up. . . . Hand out for Christmas a few subscriptions to a good Little Magazine."

The World Chess Championship, 1948. By H. GOLOMBEK. *Bell.* 12s. 6d.

Keres' Best Games 1931—48. By FRED REINFELD. *Bell.* 12s. 6d.

The account of the recent world championship tourney contains the score of all fifty games played in the two Hague and the three Moscow sessions; they are annotated with the thoroughness and class of style that we have come to expect from Golombek. The human touch is not as absent as it usually is in chess books, and there are discussions of such interesting points as the contradiction between Smyslov's predilection for Tchaikovsky and his very un-emotional style as a chess master. The book contains short (far too short!) biographical notes on all five contenders and a comprehensive analysis of their tournament and match records. The earnest student can learn a great deal from Golombek's concise survey of the theoretical novelties produced by the tourney, and he will find the equally thorough index of opening variations very useful.

The Keres book is the second reprinting of the first edition (1941), with a dozen additional games played during the last seven or eight years. The games are very thoroughly annotated, but Reinfeld might have done well to add a few pages to Keres' own laconically modest autobiographical note.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,042

Set by Arachne MacLeod

The usual prizes are offered for the first 150 words of an election address by one of the following: Oscar Wilde, Ronald Firbank, Blake, Edward Lear, Gertrude Stein, William Morris, Samuel Butler, Miss Buss or Miss Beale. Entries by February 21st.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,040

Set by G. de Vavasour

In the latest edition of his Dictionary, Dr. Johnson has been required to make a number of new definitions. Competitors are invited to supply four of these, chosen from the following: usherette, vitamin, dollar, air-hostess, swing(*n*), suburban, lend-lease, stagger (*vb.*), nudist, psycho-analyst, thriller, purge, dirt-track, quiz(*n*), black market, highbrow, refrigerator, the N.S. & N., totalisator, spiv.

Report by G. de Vavasour

COMPETITION: The act of endeavouring to gain what another endeavours to gain at the same time (Johnson's Dictionary).

The Doctor has always been a favourite with competitors, Whig rabble though they be. Not one of them, we dare guess, would have thrown back at Miss Pinkerton her parting present of a copy of the great Dictionary. (Could it really have been this ponderous volume that Miss Sharp tossed with such nonchalance out of the carriage window?) But few entrants, alas, appear to be Old Girls of the Chiswick Mall Academy or, failing that, to have trudged through the January gales to the Reference Library. These and those alone were aware that each definition is followed by quotations, so apt, and so unfamiliar that one almost suspects the Lexicographer of concocting them. (Colin Shaw, with his "How wide doth now the dreadful dollar gap!" was among entrants with the right notion. Apart from this, it was the happy (though infrequent) lapses from lexicographic detachment that we hoped to see recaptured. Some pretty phrases occurred: Usherette: "A kind of female link-boy" (J. F. Bergmann); N.S. & N., "Antonyms: Financial Times, Foxhunter's Gazette" (D. R. Peddy); N.S. & N., ". . . read by a small Whiggish rump" (Stanley Sharpless). Good single definitions, in fact, were many, but space limits printing. I suggest a prize of two guineas for J. R. Till, and of a guinea each for A. W., Stanley J. Sharpless, W. R. Moss and the Revd. J. P. Stevenson. Honourable mention: G. J. Blundell, Goodwill, F.W., Margaret Usborne, A. M. Macdonald, C. W. Fordham, Guy Innes.

PSYCHO-ANALYST: Species of heathen physician whose nature it is to outrage Nature by transforming the private caves of the mind into a publick pleasure garden. See SORCERER.

BLACK MARKET: Clandestine mart, probably Scottish in origin, whereby the exchange of the godly populace becomes the instrument of a knavish faction.

NUDIST: He or she who exposes undraped limbs in order to entrap the sun's refulgence without imprisoning the sun's pulchritude; shame incarnate.

QUIZ(*n*): Socratic shears for sharpening blunted memories. Cant word for INTERROGATION.

J. R. TILL

SWING(*n*): The measure of a Newgate jig or other such gallows' music.

NUDIST: Noun of common gender. One of a sect who regard breeches as the cause of our First Parent's Fall. The naked conventicles of this sect are devoid of enthusiasm, and indifferent Public Authority leaves their extravagances to the correction which the Climate of these Islands providentially supplies.

PURGE: *Noun.* The expulsion by active measures of those members of a council, party or faction whose vices or virtues obstruct the motions of arbitrary authority. The Levellers' Junta in Muscovy, with more scientific pretensions than our Prides and Cromwells, proceed, in accordance with the Hippocratic Canon, in three stages.

1. Laxative—a black draught of displeasure is administered
2. Cathartic—the *persona non grata* is dislodged from his position and put to his purgation.
3. Drastic—he is violently eliminated.

VITAMIN: Any one of certain corpuscles, peculiar to certain victuals and adjuvant to nourishment, whereof pills are made for those that have not the money or the wit to eat well. A. W.

SUBURBAN: Having neither the sophistication of the metropolis nor the ingenuousness of the country; an architectural and cultural limbo.

NUDIST: A man or woman who goes without clothes not through lack of money but of shame.

REFRIGERATOR: A domestic contraption for imparting an unnatural chill to comestibles; greatly esteemed in America as a symbol of civilisation.

SPIV: One who pads his shoulders so that they cannot be put to the wheel. STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

NUDIST: *He* who bares the body in fair weather but not in foul. The nudist cult is the striking proof of the divorce between theory and practice. Its literature portrays naught but maidens fit for the paradise of the Grand Turk. Yet, the nudist is either an *old* man aping the young, or a *young* man wondering whether the maidens *have* fled to the Grand Turk.

SPIV: Whig dog.

PSYCHO-ANALYST: "New psycho-analyst is but old papist confessor writ large" (and dear).

N.S. & N.: (See Spiv.) It is a mighty impudent thing. W. R. MOSS

HIGHBROW: *n.s.* [*high* and *brow*]. A term applied by the semi-educated to those possessing, or pretending to, good taste in the liberal arts.

SUBURBAN: 2. (of a person) guided by leaders of elegance whose standards he accepts at second hand, without having the desire or competence to criticise them.

TOTALISATOR: *n.s.* [from *total*]. An engine enabling those addicted to the hazards of the race-course to indulge their taste without the disrepute and risk of consorting with professional wagerers.

PURGE: 2. Evacuation of offending members from the body politic by means suggesting the action of a purge, and involving methods of disposal more suited to human excrement.

J. P. STEVENSON

PURGE: A proscription of blackguards by scoundrels (L. E. J.)

PSYCHO-ANALYST: A modern mad-doctor. One who would cure the Bedlamite of his infirmity by reminding him of its causes. (H. J. R.)

N.S. & N.: A Whig journal approving nothing but what is new, and that only with grave misgiving. (R. D. C.)

SPIV: A person who, without being a gentleman, is able to belong to the leisured classes. (LUCIAN.)

NUDIST: One who, having discovered his body beneath his apparel, devotes himself to imparting his discovery to others. (C. O. JONES)

PSYCHO-ANALYST: Scurrilous charlatan pretending to see evidence of salacious thought in every involuntary gesture. (C. M. GROSETT)

PSYCHO-ANALYST: A crazy empirick, who, imputing incest to mankind in general, professes thereby to explain their characters. (ARCHIBALD SLOW)

NUDIST: A fanatick led by enthusiasm that by total exposure of his person he shall escape the curse of Adam. (R. J. P. HEWISON)

DOLLAR: A coin of our late revolted colonies; it is mostly lacking elsewhere. (GUY KENDALL)

CHESS: Problem of Problems

No. 23.

Some time ago, a correspondent sent a practical suggestion for which, I think, he well deserves his fellow-competitors' gratitude (to say nothing of my own, expressed by a guinea chessbook token). It is A. R. Cripps who has been wondering about the precise mental process involved in the solving of a chess problem. How do solvers go about it? Intuitively? Haphazardly? Or methodically? Do they just potter around looking for the most improbable key-move, and then proceed by a gradual process of elimination? Or do they see at a glance what type of problem it is, and where to look for the key to this particular basic idea? I suppose it depends on the degree of the solver's experience. Cripps suggests finding out by asking this column's readers. So be it. Competitors (for the usual prizes) are invited to provide solutions of all three problems and to select one of them, whichever they prefer, for a brief description of how exactly they set about solving it. Entries by February 20.

Problems have, so far, received scant attention in this column, partly because practically every other chess column is catering for the true problemist's insatiable demand, and partly because a good many correspondents have expressed their preference for endgame studies and other more practical aspects of the game. But just in case there might be a substantial percentage of readers thinking otherwise, it would be useful for correspondents opinionated on the subject to say whether or not, from time to time, they would like to see a problem in this column.

A and B require no comment of mine, except perhaps that the experienced problemist may find them too easy for his liking. But C is unusual because, for once, it is not White but Black who is "to move and mate in 3." Competitors should give a reason for this unusual reversion of colours as well as for the still more unusual circumstance that Black, even though (according to the rules of chess) he *could* administer mate on the 3rd move, finds himself unable to do so after all!

This problem, incidentally, was kindly provided by T. R. Dawson who is, of course, one of the greatest problemists of our time, and the owner of what probably is a unique collection of unusual problems.

A: DR. K. FABEL, 1936

White moves and mates in 2

B: O. WÜRZBURG, 1896

White moves and mates in 3

C: S. R. BARRETT

Black moves and *could* mate in 3—but doesn't!

REPORT ON COMPETITION No. 18

A: In the Scheltinga variation, Black could have won by (49) . . K-Kt6 (50) K-K7, K-B5 (51) K-B6, K-Q5 (52) K x Kt, K-K4, etc. But White could have drawn by playing (46) K-Q4 (instead of P-Kt5). B: Black should have played (15) . . . . Kt x BP. In the correspondence game, White countered this by K x Kt and lost. He should have played (16) R x Kt, B x Kt (17) R x B, B x Kt ch (18) K-R1, and White, considering his pair of Bishops and the exposed position of the Black King, has the better of it.

Considering the unusually high percentage of failure, even among regular competitors, this seems to have been altogether too difficult, or at any rate too complex a competition. In the Gligovic-Book game the frequent suggestion of (15) . . . . P-KR4—an apparently sound alternative possibility—proves the point of how well-nigh inexhaustible analysis *can* be. Prizes shared by E. Adam, M. Kaye, P. B. Sarson, P. C. Wason. Among those fully deserving an "honourable mention" are F. Dobson, J. Pearman, J. M. Reid, L. Reith, B. Willis.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

None of the vacancies in these columns relates to a man between 18 and 50 inclusive or a woman between 18 and 40 inclusive unless he or she is excepted from the provision of the Control of Engagement Order, 1947, or the vacancy is for employment excepted from the provision of that Order.

UNIV. College, Leicester. Applics. are invited for the Chair of Zoology. Salary £1,600 p.a., with membership of F.S.S.U. and Family Allowances Scheme. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, to whom applics. should be forwarded by Mar. 1.

KING'S College of Household & Social Science (University of London), Campden Hill Road, London, W.8. Applications are invited for appointment as Lecturer in Physiology as from October, 1950. Salary scale £600 × £50 to £1,150 with an efficiency bar at £850. Initial salary accord. to exp. Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, to whom applns. should be sent as soon as possible.

UNIVERSITY of Leeds. Department of Education. Applications are invited for three Lectureships in Education, two of which require special qualifications, viz.: (i) in Physics and Chemistry, and (ii) in History. The appointments will be on the salary scale £550-£30-£1,100 a year, the initial salary being determined in accordance with the qualifications and experience of the successful candidate. Applications should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further partics. may be obtained), by Feb. 27.

UNIVERSITY College, Leicester. Applications are invited for the following posts: (1) Lecturer in Education, with special qualifications in English. (2) Lecturer in Education, with special qualifications in Mathematics. (3) Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in Government. (4) Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in Economics. Salary scales: Lecturers £500–£1,100; Assistant Lecturers £400–£500; with membership of F.S.S.U. and Family Allowances Scheme. Initial salary will depend on qualifications and experience. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, to whom applications should be sent by February 25.

THE Royal Melbourne Hospital and the University of Melbourne. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in Medical Social Work and Part-Time Almoner. Salary £A576 p.a. Applicants should possess a degree or Diploma of a University or an equivalent qualification and have had practical and teaching experience in medical social work. Applications should reach the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Sq., London, W.C.1, by March 10.

BEDFORD College for Women (University of London), Regent's Park, N.W.1. The Council of Bedford College invites applications for the post of Senior Research Worker to plan and direct a field study of occupational mobility, vacant as from April 20, 1950, and open to men and women equally. Salary in the range £600–£850 p.a. plus child allowances. Candidates must have experience in Social Research. Last day for receiving applications March 8, 1950. Further particulars from the Secretary.

UNIVERSITY of Mainz. Applications are invited for the resident post of Lecturer in English at the Interpreters College, Germersheim (French Zone of Germany), which is affiliated to the University of Mainz. Applicants must be graduates, preferably aged between 30 and 40 and single, with appropriate teaching experience and a knowledge of German. Salary (paid in French and German currency) equivalent to approximately £35 per month, with free accommodation. One-year contract, renewable. Write, quoting "Germersheim," and enclosing stamped addressed foolscap envelope for application form and further particulars to the Director, Personnel Department, The British Council, 3 Hanover St., London, W.1, to whom completed forms should be returned by Feb. 25.

B.B.C. invites applications for seven vacancies in the Television Service for Producers of Children's Programmes. Candidates should have production experience in radio, theatre or films (preferably two of these), knowledge of children's recreational, artistic and educational interests, and ability to adapt for the medium. Five of the posts have a starting salary of £750 (may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional), rising by £40 to £1,030 maximum and two have a starting salary of £610 (may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional), rising by £40 to £890 maximum. In the case of the five higher-graded posts, should it be necessary to select a candidate whose experience and/or qualifications fall short of the requirements, the initial appointment would be made on a lower grade for a period of training, with the prospect of later promotion. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 7 days, marked "Tel. C.H.P.N. Stn." For acknowledgement enclose s.a.e.

ST. Mary's Hospital, London, W.2. Applications are invited for the post of Educational Psychologist (part-time). The successful candidate will be required to attend in the Department of Psychiatry for the purpose of intelligence estimations for one session (on Tuesday mornings), per week (which may later be extended to three sessions weekly), and may be required to undertake duties in the Wards involving approximately one session per fortnight. Salary two guineas per session. Applications, stating qualifications and experience, should reach the undersigned within 10 days of the appearance of this advertisement. W. Parkes, House Governor.

WILTSHIRE County Council. Children's Committee. Applications are invited from men or women for the post of Child Care Officer, the duties being mainly concerned with boarding-out, adoption, child life protection and some Court work. If a man is appointed, some specialisation will also be required in dealing with difficult older boys. Salary: Grade II of National Scales (£420 to £465). Completion of a Home Office course is Child Care will be an advantage, as will a degree or diploma in Social Science or recent experience under a Children's Committee. The appointment is superannuable, subject to medical examination, and terminable by three months' notice on either side. Candidates must be able to drive, and will be required to own a motor car, for which allowances are payable on the National Scale. Applications, together with copies of two recent testimonials and the names and addresses of two referees, must reach me not later than February 24, 1950. Canvassing disqualifies. P. A. Selborne Stringer, Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Trowbridge.

EAST Sussex County Council. (With the approval of the Ministry of Labour and National Service) (Second advertisement). Stonepound House Remand Home for Girls, Hassocks, near Burgess Hill. Applications are invited for the following appointments at this Remand Home which will shortly be opened to accommodate 18 girls. Deputy Superintendent. Salary £270, rising by 12 annual increments of £12 and one of £6 to £420 per annum, together with a special responsibility payment of £40, less residential emoluments valued at £78 per annum. Applicants should have had experience of training adolescent girls. Assistant—salary £240, rising by three annual increments of £12 and one of £4 to £280 per annum, less residential emoluments valued at £78 per annum. Applicants for the posts of Deputy Superintendent and Assistants should preferably be able to give instruction in handicrafts or domestic subjects. The appointments will be subject to the scheme of conditions of service adopted by the Council or the Reynolds Report, as appropriate. The appointments are superannuable and to be successful candidates must pass a medical examination. Applications, stating age, education, qualifications and experience, and enclosing two recent testimonials, should reach the Children's Officer, Children's Department, County Hall, Lewes, within a fortnight of this advertisement.

LONDON County Council. Resident Assistant Matron required at Hutton Residential School, Hutton, Essex, which provides accommodation for approximately 180 children aged 2-15 years, who are deprived of a normal home life and who are placed in the Council's care. Duties will include assistance to the Matron in the care of the children, the guidance of staff, and the domestic administration of the school. Previous experience of work with children necessary but nursing experience not essential. Salary £240 a year, rising by £10 annually to £260, with emoluments of board, lodging and laundry. Five weeks' leave each year. This is a permanent pensionable appointment. For further details and application form, send stamped addressed foolscap envelope to the Children's Officer (CH A.2 28), The County Hall, London, S.E.1. (4)

NATIONAL Association for Mental Health. Applications are invited from: (a) Senior Psychiatric Social Workers for post of Regional Representative of the Assocn. in the North East based on Newcastle. Responsible position involving supervision of team of Social Workers and working in close co-operation with Psychiatrist, both in hospitals and Psychological Department of University. Regular Case Conferences held with Consulting Psychiatrist. Interesting variety of Mental Health work undertaken for seven Local Authorities under Section 28 of the N.H. Service Act. Salary according to A.P.S.W. scale, plus responsibility allowance. Superannuation. Car provided. (b) Psychiatric Social Workers for vacancy occurring shortly in connection with Community Care in the London area. The work offers interesting experience in the mental health field with access to case. Applications from experienced Social Workers will also be considered. Applications to the General Secretary, N.A.M.H., 39, Queen Anne St., London, W.1, as soon as possible.

THE Rhodes-Livingstone Institute, Box 195, Livingstone, Northern Rhodesia, invites applications for the following posts: social anthropologists, urban sociologists, demographer, and historian. Starting salaries from £660 to £960, depending on experience. All research expenses paid, as well as passage to Northern Rhodesia. Applicants should state age, academic training, previous experience, and should submit list of referees as well as a medical certificate stating physical fitness for work in the tropics.

SOUTH Suburban Co-operative Society, Limited (Education Department). Youth Leaders wanted for special Senior Mixed-Youth Club work in Croydon or Catford, involving area-field-work with Senior and Junior Groups in adjacent districts. Approximately 9 evenings monthly for 45-week year. Rates based on I.E.A. scales. Vacancies also exist for (a) Senior Mixed-Youth-Club Leaders at New Addington, Shirley, Streatham, Chislehurst and Ingsom, and for (b) a Junior-Group Field Worker with special duties. Further particulars, and application forms, which should be returned within 14 days from the appearance of this advertisement, may be obtained from Education Dept., South Suburban Co-operative Society, Ltd., 62 Croydon Rd., Penge, S.E.20.

THE Central After Care Association which is responsible for the supervision and after-care of persons conditionally released from Borstals and Prisons invite applications for 3 posts of Senior Area Officers. The officers appointed will be required to visit Borstal Institutions or Regional and Central Prisons; to maintain liaison with local organisations and Associates and to make arrangements for supervision. Salary £500 per annum, rising by annual increments of £20 to £600 per annum. There is a Contributory Superannuation Scheme. Candidates must be over 25 and under 49 on January 1, 1950. They should be men of sound general education with experience of and interest in difficult reformative work and a wide knowledge of social conditions. Applications in response to this announcement are not debarred by the provisions of the Control of Engagement Order. Further details, forms of application and a copy of the regulations may be obtained by writing to The Central After Care Association, Room 407, Prison Commission, Horseferry House, Dean Ryle St., London, S.W.1. Completed applic. forms should be returned by February 25.

AN interesting and responsible post is offered as Personal Assistant in the Psychiatric social workers' department at Netherne Hospital. Applicants should be experienced shorthand typists with a good education who are interested in social problems. The post is permanent and is subject to the National Health Service (Superannuation) Regulations, 1947-1949. Salary £316-352 per annum, plus £30 per annum London Weighting. Applications from persons not less than 26 years of age, enclosing copies of 2 recent testimonials, should be sent to the Secretary, Netherne Hospital, Coulsdon, Surrey, not later than 14 days after the appearance of this advertisement, marked "P.A." in the bottom left-hand corner.

CITIZENS' Advice Bureau travelling officer —man or woman required. Salary £400. Experience of social work essential—diploma or appropriate academic qualification desirable. Must be good organiser and good "mixer." Work includes the promotion of new citizens' advice bureaux, the maintenance of standards of work in existing ones, the recruitment and training of voluntary workers; it will involve contacts with voluntary organisations, local authorities, regional and local officers of central departments. Region covered from Cornwall to Hampshire; office at Bristol. Must be able to drive car. Apply at once, giving record of experience, copies of testimonials (to follow if not available) and names of two personal references, to National Council of Social Service, 26 Bedford Square, London, W.C.1.

APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified men to fill a post as Social Leader at a holiday camp in South Coast. This is an all-year-round appointment for the right man. Single man preferred but married man without family considered. Applications with full details and salary required in envelope endorsed JT/CAMPS, to Box 4650.

YOUTH Club Leader Secretarial Assistant wanted for parish of St. John's Wood. Mixed Club experienced. Shorthand-typing, and communicant membership of C. of E. essential. Salary £300. Unfurnished accommodation available. Write: Rev. N. A. Perry-Gore, St. John's House, London, N.W.8.

ST. Christopher Home for Girls, Crosby, Liverpool. Housemistress, C. of E. Home for 30 schoolgirls all attending outside schools, duties consist of general supervision of girls out of school hours, and organisation of evening activities, games and music essential. Social Science Diploma or some teaching desirable. Commencing salary £290, rising by £12 yearly, less £78 board residence. Apply, stating age with ref.: Miss A. N. Pippard.

ON the resignation of Miss S. Penley to take up work abroad, the Council of St. Margaret's House, Bethnal Green, proposes to appoint a Head to take office in September, 1950. Particulars from Miss Egerton, St. Margaret's House, Bethnal Green, E.2.

HEADINGTON School, Oxford. Applications are invited for the post of House Mistress of one of the school boarding houses (310 girls). The house is separate from the main school, and the House Mistress is responsible for the appointments of the matron-housekeeper, cook-caterer, etc., in her house. Applicants must be members of the Church of England and be qualified to teach part-time in the school. Burnham Scale. Government Pension Scheme. Apply to the Head Mistress.

ALBRIGHT & Wilson, Ltd., have a vacancy in the Information Section of their Development Department. Applicants, who should have a knowledge of Chemistry preferably to degree standard, should write, giving full particulars of education and experience to Dev. Dept., Albright & Wilson, Ltd., 49 Park Lane, W.1.

SECRETARY required for work overseas by large firm of general merchants. Age 27-35. University training preferred. Sound French with French shorthand essential. Must be able to take responsibility. Excellent prospects. Apply in detail, Box 4719.

MFG. & Export Co., Stationery & Fashion Trade Advertising Trade req. smart, intelligent shorthand typist Secy., Camden Town Dist. Closed Jewish Holidays. Box 4680.

APPLICATIONS are invited for position of Sales Manager to well-known London general book publisher. Applicants should have thorough experience in all aspects of the trade, both home and export. Reply, giving full particulars, to Box 4859.

LONDON Trades Union solicitor needs managing clerk. Salary £732 p.a. with good prospects. Intimate knowledge required of Factories Act, Industrial Accident Law and Common Law practice and procedure. Ideal post for progressive man or woman with ability and initiative. Box 4502.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

EDUCATED shorthand-typists and secretaries will shortly complete their training and become available for employment. Good knowledge of commercial and professional procedure, sectl. duties, etc. Salaries £5 p.w. upwards. Interested employers please write/phone Langham Secretarial College, 50 Fitzroy St., London, W.1. EUS. 5811.

BARRISTER-at-Law, middle thirties, legal & admin. experience, ex-service, seeks admin. or legal appointment. Prospects, not salary, important. Box 4504.

B.A. (Hons.), Sociology, woman, 23, now in market research/social survey work, seeks appointment where artistic interests apply. Box 4465.

EDUCATED, intelligent married woman, accept responsibility, sks. supervisory, organising/senior clerical work. (Not shorthand-typing.) Good salary reqd. Box 4360.

HOME typist, exp. lit. wk., incl. plays, novels, verse, avail. now. Box 4498.

FELLOWSHIPS AND SCHOLARSHIPS

UNIVERSITY of London. Leon Fellowship. Applications are invited for the Leon Fellowship for Research (preferably in the fields of Economics or Education) for the Session 1950-51. The Fellowship is of the value of not less than £500 a year, and is tenable in the first instance for one year. It is not essential that candidates should be members of a University. Selected candidates will be required to attend for interview. Further particulars should be obtained from the Academic Registrar, University of London, Senate House, London, W.C.1, and applications for the Fellowship must be received by April 1, 1950.

APPLICATIONS are invited for scholarships tenable by British students during the academic year 1950-51 at universities and centres of higher study in the following countries: Austria, Belgium, Brazil, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Finland, France, Germany, Italy, the Netherlands, Norway, Persia, Sweden, and Switzerland. These scholarships are offered and awarded by the governments or universities of the countries concerned; they are mostly tenable for the complete academic year, but some may be held for a lesser period. Closing date for applications normally March 10, 1950. Full particulars and application forms obtainable from any British Council office in the United Kingdom or by post, stamped addressed envelope (size 9in. × 5in.) being enclosed for reply, from Education Division, The British Council, 3 Hanover St., London, W.1.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

READ Rider's Review (Winter No. now on sale) for outstanding discussion on "What are Values?" by Dr. Wm. Brown, Prof. L. J. Russell, L. A. G. Strong, etc. Other leading contributors: Bertrand Russell, Aldous Huxley, C. E. M. Joad, Gerald Heard, John Middleton Murry, Prof. E. O. James, 2s. 6d. quarterly from all bookstalls or 10s. 6d. a year post free from Desk 2, Rider & Co., 47 Princes Gate, S.W.7.

FEBRUARY List of Books includes modern first editions General Literature, Fiction, Psychology, etc. "Wants" lists welcomed. Book Searchers Ltd., 342 King's Rd., S.W.3.

HOW to vote for what you want: "Effective Democracy," by A. J. Abbey. 2s. 6d. post free. Crofton Press, Gatcacres, Lovibonds Ave. Orpington, Kent.

GERMAN books: Libris, 50 Harben Rd. London, N.W.6. Pri. 6900. Books bought.

AMERICAN Readers: Books reviewed/advertised in these pages are readily obtainable: simply send order & check in $ for amt. advertised to Robert Bentley Co., 10 P.O. Sq., Boston 9, Mass. (1$ = 14c). Add 30c. for shipping, etc., per book.

ESSENTIAL books for social workers by Dr. Marie Stopes. "Contraception: its Theory, History & Practice." 10 pl. 7th edition, 10s., postage 9d.; "Roman Catholic Methods of Birth Control," prefaces by Hugh Walpole & Julian Huxley, 7s. 6d., postage 6d. Clinic, 108 Whitfield St., W.1.

ELECTION Ammunition. "Facts for Socialists," new edition by G. D. H. Cole, 2s.; "Behind the Ration Book," by J. F. Bitt, 3s. 6d. Rt. Hon. John Strachey calls it "a comprehensive survey in a handy form." Fr.: Fabian Soc., 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

NINE: the literary review. Santayana, Pound, Eliot, Porteus, Barker, Fraser, Duncan, Heath-Stubbs, Gascoyne, etc. No. 2 (72 pp.), ready now. Articles on "Cocktail Party," Kavafis, Monteverdi, translations from Latin, French, Spanish, Modern Greek, Chinese and Italian. Quarterly. 2s. or 8s. 4d. per annum (post free). U.S.A. $2.00. Published by Peter Russell, 114 Queens Gate, London, S.W.7.

SOME Quaker Proposals for Peace: "The United States and the Soviet Union." 1s. from I.S.O.C. Friends Hse. Euston Rd. N.W.1.

THE Impressionists used plain white frames for their pictures. Emile Zola uses 448 pages bound in full cloth to tell their story. "The Masterpiece," by Emile Zola. Paul Elek, 12s. 6d. 38 Hatton Gdn. E.C.1.

PERSONAL

FRENCH student, girl, age 22, holds Educ. Diploma, now in domestic post Suffolk, desires position enabling study two half-days, pref. with children, English family, London, against full board & pocket money, at once. Box 4568.

SELF-contd. well-furn. flatlet Kensington, 2 rms., kitchette, bath adjoining, access garden. Modest rent to couple/widow & child in return care child 3, 9 am.-5 p.m., or when not at nursery school. 'Phone Fremantle 7457.

UNITY Theatre requires experienced actors immediately for amateur production of new American play. 'Phone: Productions Organiser, EUS. 5391.

ACTIVE Directorship or Partnership in very well-established and flourishing estate agency practice in thriving provincial city, is offered to alert, intelligent, well-educated man. Unlimited scope for advancement to able man 45-50 years of age without ties. Would consider merger with London practice. Capital investment secondary importance. Ability and integrity primary consideration. Box 4545.

WILLIAM Temple College, Hawarden, Chester. Accom. & catering for about 40 is available for Summer Schools, etc., in large country house with pleasant garden July 14-Aug. 4, and Aug. 26-Sept. 23. Apply Secy.

GOOD accom. offered to suitable woman in comfortable country house (1 hour London) in return for part-time service. Box 4584.

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POST-Graduate music student, pupil Herbert Howells, Kendall Taylor, ex-public school and R.A.F., resident Chelsea, wishes to take few pupils piano, theory, general musical tuition (e.g., for School and Higher Cert.). Children or adults. Box 4477.

TWO young men require remunerative intelligent evening work. London. Box 4554.

SEND now for Free copy Secrets of Successful Writing—learn how to make money by writing stories or articles for the Press. Write Premier School of Journalism, 95 Premier House, 53 Fleet St. London, E.C.4.

ACCENT and Dialect eliminated. Gladys Nyren, L.R.A.M. (Speech and Drama), 5 Antrim Mansions, N.W.3. PRI. 1369.

B.Sc. Econ. tuition by postgrad.: Soros, 23 Dunster Gdns., N.W.6. MAI. 2239.

ITALIAN lady teaches Italian, private or class. S.W. district. Box 4552.

FRENCH. Private tuition by French lady in West End. Day only. Box 4888.

FRENCH, young Swiss wishes to exchange English conversation or lessons for French. Box 4484.

YOUNG State Registered Nurse wishes to accept appointments for massage, sun ray, and infra-red treatments. 'Phone RIV. 3339 after 11 a.m., or PAD. 9314 before. Write Robertson, 63 Westbourne Terrace, W.2.

SPECIALIST translates Baltic and other Languages. Box 4523.

VIOLIN lessons by imaginative qualified teacher, S.W. London. Box 4550.

PORTRAITS painted by eminent artist. Reasonable prices. PRI. 4948. Box 4594.

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HIGH-grade interpreting, translations: Swedish, German, French (econ., lit., comm.). Also tuition. HAM. 3465.

HALL, Leicester Sq., available for plays, films, lectures; classes, rehearsals, dinners, socials, dances. Apply Sec., Asian Inst., 39 Irving St., W.C.2. WHI. 3678.

INEXPENSIVE escorted tours Switzd., Stresa, Verona, Venice, Florence, Chamonix, S.C. Tours, Martigny, Switzerland.

HOLIDAYS of every type for people who take their pleasures energetically. Walking and climbing holidays in 15 countries are described in new Summer Programme. Stamp to Ramblers Association Services, 188 (V) West End Lane, N.W.6.

WAYFARERS Holiday Centres abroad include Austrian Tyrol, £36 13s.; Belgium, Ostend, 8 days, £16 5s.; France, Nice, 17 days, £47 4s. 6d.; Germany, Bavaria and Oberammergau, 15 days, £45 19s. 6d; Italy, Lake Garda and Venice, 15 days, £41 15s.; Switzerland, Montreux, 16 days, £41 5s., and many other inclusive tours. Illustrated programme. The Wayfarers Travel Agency, Ltd., (Est. 1930), 33 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.

AUSTRIA, Oberammergau, France, Corsica, Balearics, Italy, Norway. Reasonable, interesting, summer holidays by land, sea and air. Travel rich, travel poor, but travel happy through Fairways and Swinford Travel (Dept. F), Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard St., S.W.1. ABBey 2214/5.

POTTERY week-ends at Stoke House Crafts Centre, nr. Bletchley (Tel. 127). Instruction for beginners; practice for others. Planned to afford opportunity for throwing, firing, decorating and glazing. Fri. eve. to Sun. eve. from £2. Series of 3 from £5.

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PERSONAL—continued

£28 will give you a fortnight in France and pay your fare. Ask for booklet of inexpensive holidays-in-France. Allways Travel, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2. TEM 8701.

WEEK-END house parties. London dancers. For full prog. write 'phone: Josephine Hall, 324/5 High Holborn, W.C.1. Hol. 5831.

HOLIDAY Exchangers, Wansford, Beccles, Sfk.: homes exchanged Easter onwards.

MISCELLANEOUS

"SE comprendre, c'est la paix." The Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, 20a, Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar. Phone SLO. 9595.

PRESENT-Day Strain. Particulars regarding Training in Relaxation combined with rest in beautiful and peaceful surroundings within easy reach London, can be had from Secretary, Langley Rise, King's Langley. Tel. 2519.

ALL Nations Social Club (for all nationalities). Lectures, Debates, Brains Trusts, Language Groups, Art Circle, Music Circle, Dramatic Group, Dances, Table Tennis, Foreign Tours. Sport, Rambles, etc. Sub. 21/-pa. p.a. Club Centre Marble Arch. Details from: 51 Chancery Lane, W.C.2. (HOL 5088.)

THE London Contact Lens Clinic, 66 New Cavendish St., W.1. Particx. MUS. 8923.

ORTHO Diaphragm (Ladies' Contraceptive Appliance). Streatham Surgical Stores, 231 High Rd., S.W.16. 'Phone STR. 2653.

ASK your Candidates if they will support the Bill against hunting and coursing, and send your donation now to League Against Cruel Sports, 58 Maddox St., London, W.1.

GRAMOPHONE Records wanted. Best prices paid for second-hand records. Orchestral or vocal; classical or dance music. Foyles, 121 Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2.

MEMORY: Use Mnemonicoan for platform, stage, study, daily routine. Apply for The Gigantic Device, 51, (Mnemo, Room 22 (NSN), 3 Bloomsbury St., London, W.C.1).

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LITERARY typing (7 day service all MSS.). Dictating machine service. Duplicg., indexing, editing, proof reading, cataloguing, etc. Typewriting. (all languages). Qualified Secretaries at short notice. Secretarial Aunts, 324/5 High Holborn, W.C.1. HOL. 5831/Pantiles Chambers, 87 High St. Tunbridge Wells. Tel. 1255.

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ASHLEY Court, 7 Leinster Square, W.2. Phone BAY. 4253. Lux. serv. rooms, bed breakf., dinner opt. Moderate.

2 NICE furnished rooms, pref. for one person, use bathroom, kitchen, telephone, in bachelor's private flat close West Hampstead Underground & buses. Box 4505.

FURNISHED single bed-sitting room, with kitchen, bathroom, tel., including electricity, £2 5s. Telephone evening: PUT. 4148.

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SINGLE bed-sittingroom, nicely furnished, bathroom, central heating, use of garden, best Hampstead neighbourhood. Tel. Ham. 6391 from 9-11 and 2-4.

TWO girls offer 3rd share s.c. furn. flat, H'stead. £2 16s. 6d. inc. Box 4608.

STATE-Registered Nurse offers board residence to those seeking comfortable home. Pleasant residential neighbourhood West London. Vegetarians catered for. Box 4561, or PERivale 4745.

INEXPENSIVE pied-à-terre in private flat close Olympia. Tel. Ful. 3685.

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MUSICIANS. Attractive studio, adjacent country house, Bluthner grand, radiogram, divan, coal-stove, separate kitchenette, bathroom, electric. To let temporarily. Partial board if required. 5 miles Colchester. Bus Reasonable terms. Box 4543.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

HEART of Welsh Mountains: large, fully equipped cottage to let mid-April-end of July (at least, per week, 3 cbls, bdrms, Bathindoor W.C. Garage. 750ft. Sea 6 mls. Unsurpassed country. Fishing. Box 4600.

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LARGE Maisonette, South Kensington, 5 bedrooms (2 fitted basins) kit., bathroom, dining-room, large lounge, £240 p.a. inc. To be exchanged for smaller, cheaper flat, or would consider cottage/small house. Box 4588.

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STUDENT and wife, no child, seek 1-2 rms. & kit., unfurn./part furn. Anywhere cen. London. Until Autumn 1951. Box 4587.

FURNISHED room wanted by prof. couple working London, living country, for occasional use. No wk.-ends. V. careful tenants. Bloomsbury, S. Ken., Bayswater. Box 4589.

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PROPERTIES, ETC., FOR SALE

STONE cottage and buildings in beautiful country (National Trust). Structurally sound, no mod. conv. Best above £600. Davies, Green Close, Pott Shrigley, Macclesfield, Cheshire.

FREEHOLD: good condition, 18 rooms, outbuildings, timbered grounds, overlooking sea, N. Wales prep. school, principal's retiring, bargain all in £19,000 or nearest. Ambrose Appelbe, 7 New Sq. W.C.2.

DOCTORS, Dentists, etc. Detached House, quiet road, close Ealing Broadway. Admirably suitable, professional and/or domestic occupation. All modern conveniences. Recently redecorated. 7 Bedrms., 1 dressing room, 2 bathrms., 3 large reception., morning rm., Kitchens, refrig. and other accessories. Well-stocked, good-sized garden. Long lease. Low price for quick sale. Box 3572.

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COTSWOLD Country Club, Brockhampton Park, Nr. Cheltenham, for your holidays, honeymoon, or just a break from business. Magnificent mansion with modern luxuries. Excellent food in oak-panelled dining hall. Cocktail Huntsman Bar in the capable hands of "George," the bar steward. Billiards, tennis. Riding from our own stables. H.C. in all rooms. Sprung mattresses. Winter terms 25s. per day. Summer terms 30s. per day. Write for brochure E.

GOLDEN Acres, Elstead, Surrey, now under new ownership and personal supervision, has vacancies. Residential fully lic. country club. Situated in well-known beauty spot. Log fires, electric and central heating. Tennis on site, riding, fishing, golf available short distance. Excellent bars. Ideal spot for complete rest. 'Phone or write: Elstead 3146. Mr. or Mrs. Charles Clark, late "Britannia," Waltham Cross, Herts.

LAKES. Charming old mansion, magnificent view, modern conveniences, 40 acres. Mod. terms. Croft Hotel, Ambleside. Tel. 334.

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NORTH Devon, overlooking Atlantic. Do you want a quiet, restful holiday in a scene of bewitching beauty? Good food, courteous attention, elec. light. Mod. terms. Grosvenor Guest House, Stoke, Hartland. Mr. & Mrs. W. Stewart, proprietors. Tel. Hartland 25.

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WE have a growing reputation for good food, comfort and friendliness, that is why our guests return. Riding, rough shooting, television and a club bar for jolly informal evenings. Our new attractive tariff tells all about Crowhurst Park Hotel, Battle. Tel. Battle 369. We are open all the year but are now taking Easter and early summer bookings.

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COUNTRY cottage offers holiday accommodation. Own farm produce; on bus route. Reasonable terms. Grahame James, The Mill, Rye, Sussex. Tel. Iden 205.

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WHERE TO STAY—continued

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CORNWALL (South) Guest House with quiet friendly atmosphere, nearest residence to Kennack Sands. Near to Cadgwith, Mullion, The Lizard, Coverack and Helford River. Magnificent sea views, safe sandy beach approx. 5 mins. Vacancies except Aug. Write Kennack House, Kuggar, Ruan Minor.

BROOKLANDS Farm, Dallington, Heathfield, Sussex. Comfortable quarters. Farm produce. Log fires. E.I., c.h.w. From 4½gns. weekly. Tel. Rushlake Green 321.

PEMBROKESHIRE Coast. Field Naturalists and others as guests. Zoologist's winter country bungalow. Pegity Cot, St. Davids.

WESTERN Lake District, Irton Hall, Holmrook, Cumberland Mountains and sea. Home produce. H. & C. Billiards. Table Tennis. Write proprietors, E. M. Evans & F. Seager. Tel. Holmrook 42.

DUKE of York, Iddesleigh, Nr. Winkleigh. Small coml. hotel in remote, beautiful part of N. Devon. Fishing/shooting by arrangement. 5½gns. p.w. Hatherleigh 253.

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UNSPOILED Cornish coast. Suites with sitting-room & kitchenette; also restaurant. Ideal for families liking comfort without pretentiousness seaside without crowds. Half cost of guest house. Also cottage to let. Maxwell, Portquin, Port Isaac, N. Cornwall.

CHALET Hotel; charming village Valais Alps; railway Martigny-Chamonix. Excellent cuisine, moderate terms. Special terms June to July 10, and September Frs. 11.50 per day inclusive. Write Mme. Bouzon, 21 Route de Chene, Geneva, Switzerland.

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DAWLISH (Devon), overlooking sea, sunniest coast in Britain, now booking April onwards. Homely cooking. "Sea Spray," 8 Sea Lawn Terrace. Tel. Dawlish 2180.

SCHOOLS

KING Alfred School (F. 1898). Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, ages 3 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Rd. N.W.11.

THE New School, King's Langley, Herts. Non-profit-making Day and Boarding School for boys and girls from 3 to 18, based on Rudolf Steiner principles, its aim is to enable children to face life with initiative and courage, and with a well-balanced cultural background. Few vacancies. Prospectus from Secretary. (Tel. K.L. 2505.)

SMALL group of weekly boarders, St. Mary's Town and Country School, 58/60 Eton Ave., N.W.3, now full, but transport arranged for weekly boarders at Country School, Stanford Park, near Rugby (ages 4-10).

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth. Co-education to 18 years in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. Applications for vacancies from 1951 considered. H. Lyn Harris, M.A., LL.B.; Mrs. Lyn J. Harris, M.A.

TYLEHURST School, Forest Row, Sussex. Boys and Girls (5-13). Freedom, health and happiness as basis of education. Apply Dorothy Mumford, B.Sc.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS (Tem. 3334). Evenings (ex. Mon.) 7. St. & Sun. 5 & 8. Bernard Shaw's "Mrs. Warren's Profession." Members.

UNITY. "Buster," by Ted Willis. Weds.-Suns. 7.30. Ass. Mem. 2s. 6d. EUS. 5391.

"THE Fallen Sparrow," a play of tense dramatic interest dealing with the abortion problem, will be staged at the Gateway Theatre, 103 Westbourne Grove, W.2, from Tues., Feb. 14, to Sun., Feb. 19. Evenings at 7.45 p.m., Sunday at 4.30 and 7.45 p.m. Seats 5s., 3s. & 2s. Box Office open 2.30 to 8.30 p.m. Nearest Tube Station, Notting Hill Gate. Buses 7, 15, 27, 28, 31 & 46.

ATTIC Players present Sophocles' "Oedipus at Colonus," transl. E. F. Watling. Tavistock Little Theatre, W.C.1. Feb. 23, 24 & 25, at 8 p.m. 3s. 6d. & 2s. 6d., from Treasurer, Dulwich College, S.E.21. GIP. 2038.

I.C.A. Picasso's Play "Desire Caught by the Tail" and William Blake's "An Island in the Moon." Rehearsed reading by Valentine Dyall, Hilda Simms, Dylan Thomas and others, 3.30 p.m. Thurs., Feb. 16. Rudolf Steiner Hall, Park Rd., N.W.1. Tickets from 3s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. and 6s to 10s. for Institute of Contemporary Arts members and guests only, 6 Fitzroy St., W.1. MUS. 5145. Membership enquiries welcomed.

PEOPLE'S Palace, Adv. 4244. Sun., Feb. 12th, 7.30. "D'Iti Child of Man" (A).

300 Film Club, Feb. 16. German classic, "Broken Jug" (Emil Jannings); "Le Tempestaire" (Epstein); "Revolution 1848"; Imperial Institute Cinema, S.W.7. Treas.: 27 Amherst Rd. W.13.

"MY Universities"—Soviet film classic at Scala Theatre, Tues., Feb. 14 only (7.30 p.m.). Res. seats 2s., 3s., 4s., from B.S.F.S., 37 Bishop's Bridge Rd. W.2. (Encl. stpd. addressed envelope.)

LONDON Opera Club. Programme for 1950: Feb. 20 & 21: Offenbach, "A Husband on the Mat" and Ibert "Angelique"; May 5 and 6, prior to season at the Bath Assembly: Wolf-Ferrari, "Susanna's Secret" and Arthur Benjamin, "Prima Donna"; October: Milhaud, "Le pauvre matelot" and Donizetti, "Il Campanello di notte." Subscription covering these productions: £1 15s. (Orch. Stalls & Dress C. seats), £1 (Upper C. seats) to the Hon. Sec., 37 Kingswood Court, N.W.6.

SOUTH Place Sunday Concerts. Feb. 12, 6.30. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. Holborn. Amadeus String Quartet. Mozart D mi. K.421; Beethoven B flat, Op. 18; Bartok No. 4. Adm. 1s.

SIR Thomas Beecham, Bt., will conduct the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, Royal Albert Hall, Wed., Feb. 15, at 8. Mozart-Strauss Concert. Solo Flute: Geoffrey Gilbert. Tickets: 10s., 7s. 6d., 6s., 5s., 3s. 6d., Gallery (standing) 2s. Hall (Ken. 8212) usual Agts.

ROYAL Albert Hall. This Sunday at 3. London Symphony Orchestra, Ltd. (in assn. with A. C. Gt. B.) presents Eugene Goossens and Leon Goossens, London Symphony Orchestra: Overture, "Colas Brugnon," Kabalevsky; "Oxford" Symphony, Haydn; Oboe Concerto, Goossens; Complete Ballet: "Daphnis and Chloe" with Choir, Ravel. (Management: Harold Holt, Ltd.). 2s. to 7s. 6d. Ken. 8212.

EILEEN Joyce. This Sunday eve. at 7, Royal Albert Hall, London Symphony Orchestra —Walter Goehr. Egmont (Beethoven), Emperor Concerto (Beethoven), Piano Concerto No. 1 (Tchaikovsky), Swan Lake (Tchaikovsky). Tkts. fr. 2s. 6d. R.A.H. (KEN. 8212), Lynford-Joel Promotions Ltd. (LAN. 3591).

MONTAGUE Zolowsky (baritone). This Sunday afternoon at 3 p.m. Song Recital, Wigmore Hall. Piano: Ivor Newton. Tickets 9s., 6s., 3s., from Hall (WEL. 2141), Lynford-Joel Promotions, Ltd. (LAN. 3591.)

HERMAN Baron, violin, & Margaret Thistlethwaite, piano, Chelsea Town Hall (Chenil Galleries), Tues., Feb. 14, 8 p.m. Sonatas by Bach, Beethoven, Elgar, Hindemith, B. Stevens. Tkts. 2s. 6d. & 4s. 6d. at the door.

DANCE. By the International Friendship League at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, on Saturday, Feb. 18, 7-11 p.m.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Sat., Feb. 11, Social and Dance. Members 2s. 6d., friends of members 3s. 6d. 7.30-11.30 p.m.

EXHIBITIONS

FUSELI. An Arts Council exhibition of paintings and drawings. The New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St. Open till Feb. 25. Week-days 10-6 (Tues., Thurs. 10-8). Admission 1s.

RECENT Tapestries, woven by the Edinburgh Tapestry Company. The Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Feb. 11. Week-days, 10 to 6 (Tues., Thurs., 10-8). Admission free.

YOUNG Contemporaries. R.B.A. Galleries, 3 Suffolk St., S.W.1. Daily 10-5 (inc. Sat.). Admission free

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Geza Szobel & Modern French Enamels by S. & P. Fremont; also Etchings by Richard Hamilton.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 131-134 New Bond St., W.1. New sculpture & drawings by Barbara Hepworth. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

FOYLES Art Gallery, Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2. Art in Illustration. Paintings by Anne Grahame Johnstone & Janet Johnstone. 9-6 dly. (inc. Sats.) until March 4. Adm. free.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. J. Rosenbaum, A. Reifenberg, R. Collet. Paintings, etc., daily 10-5, Sats. 2.30-5. Closed Sats.

PAUL Alexander Gallery. Sculpture by Eric Peskett. Feb. 3-March 4. 190 Kensington Church Street.

THE Little Gallery, 10 Piccadilly Arcade, S.W.1. Paintings by Betty Swanwick. Feb. 6-March 4, 1950. Daily 10.30 a.m.-5.30 p.m. Saturdays 10.30 a.m.-12.30 p.m.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Loan exhibition of paintings by Lovis Corinth. Recent paintings by Z. Ruszowski.

KENSINGTON Art Gallery, 15 St. Mary Abbot's Terrace, Kensington High St., W.14. Paintings & drawings by Adrian Beach. Feb. 7-25, 10-5. Sats. 10-1.

IRISH Crafts—wrought iron, treen, Aran Isle knitted goods, homespuns & spinning demonstrations. The Craftsman's Market at Heal's, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

COLOUR Reproductions of French Impressionists. The Phoenix Gallery has a large selection at moderate prices, framed and unframed. Pictures make an ideal gift. 38 William IV St., W.C.2. Mon.-Fri., 9.30-6.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. First London Exhibition of paintings by Rolf Durig. Also paintings by Matthew Smith, Paul Nash & Christopher Wood, 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

LEICESTER Galleries Exhibitions. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. Stephen Bone—Urban Landscapes. Charles McCall—1st Exhibition; Fred Uhlman—Recent Paintings.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY of London. A lecture on "La pensée philosophique et religieuse de Victor Hugo" will be given (in French) by Professor Henri Guillemin at 5.30 p.m. on February 22, at the University of London: The Senate House, W.C.1 (entrance from Malet Street). Admission free, without ticket.

EGYPTIAN Education Bureau: Public Discussion on The Future of the Novel. Tues., February 21, at 6.30 p.m. Contributors to the Discussion: Mr. Richard Church, Mr. Walter Allen, Miss B. De Holthoir. Chairman, Mr. Herman Ould. Admission free by ticket only. Apply: Secretary, 4 Chesterfield Gardens, Curzon St., W.1.

HUNGARIAN Cultural Institute, 22 Manchester Square, W.1. Jean Jacobs, "Youth in Hungary," February 10, 8 p.m.

THE Progressive Business Men's Forum. Brains Trust on "Women in the General Election": Mrs. K. Wilmot, Conservative; Miss Ethel Strudwick. Liberal; Mrs. Irene Chaplin, Labour; Mrs. Gladys Draper, Communist. Thursday, February 16, at 7.30 p.m., at Heal's Restaurant, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1. Visitors 3s. 6d. Hon. Sec., 33 New Cavendish St., W.1. Welbeck 0136.

"THIS Dollar Business." A lecture will be given by Honor Croome, B.Sc. (Econ.) for St. Marylebone Public Libraries at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Thursday, Feb. 16, at 8 p.m. Admission free.

"THE Answer to Anti-Semitism." Speakers: Prof. H. Levy and Roy Gore (Hampstead's Communist Candidate). Wed., Feb. 15, 8 p.m. 1 Broadhurst Gardens, N.W.6 (behind John Barnes, Finchley Road Stn.).

WATERGATE Theatre, 29 Buckingham St., Strand (Tem. 6261). Lecture by T. A. Layton on "The Red Wines of France," with practical wine-tasting, Mon., Feb. 13, 8 p.m. Full Club members only and guests, 10s. 6d.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

CONWAY Hall, Feb. 17, 8 p.m. Prof. Laski, Prof. R. H. Tawney & Kingsley Martin in support of Dr. S. W. Jeger, Labour candidate for Holborn & St. Pancras South.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Pl., S.W.1. Feb. 18, 6 p.m., M. Yves Tarlet (Alliance Française): "Poésie du Monde."

PERSONALIST Group. Symposium on "Should Personalists be Socialists?" J. B. Coates, Paul Derrick, J. C. Fuller and G. R. Taylor, N.T.U. Club, 12 Gt. Newport St., Thurs., Feb. 16, at 7.30 p.m.

SOUTH African Student Association. "20 Months in Retrospect," by Dr. Ellen Hellman. Feb. 17, 8 p.m. 18 Upper Montague St., W.1. All welc.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Tues., Feb. 14, 7.30. Talk by Mr. P. Belcher, Gen. Secy., T.W.U., on his impressions of the recent Czechoslovak Trades Union Congress held in Prague. Chair: Mr. John Horner, Gen. Secy., F.B.U. Evg. meal served from 6.30 p.m. All welcome.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Assocn. Mon., Feb. 13, Symposium on "Problems of Jewish Education." 53 Seymour Place, W.1, at 8.15 p.m. Visitors 1s. Information from Secy., 29 Lancaster Grove, N.W.3.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Thursday, Feb. 16, at 8 p.m. "The Pissarros," illustrated lecture by Cora Gordon (of the Studio). Non-members 1s.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. W.C.1. Sun. Mtg., 11 a.m. Feb. 12: Archibald Robertson, M.A., "How Civilisations Decay." Adm. free.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welc. Feb. 12: Man's Destiny.

H. J. BLACKHAM: What Humanists have done. At the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, Queensway, W.2. Sunday, February 12, at 11 a.m.

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Gt. Russell St. Public Lecture, Wed., Feb. 15, 6.30. The Four Noble Truths. Mr. R. F. Fussell.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall. Thurs., Feb. 16: "Rise of the Agamas and their Cults." All welcome.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, Conway Hall, Library, Red Lion Sq. W.C.1. Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Feb. 14, Maurice Burton, D.Sc., "Biology and Human Behaviour." Adm. free.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London. A course of three lectures on "Pindar" will be given by Professor D. S. Robertson (Cambridge) at 5.30 p.m., on Feb. 21, 28 and March 7, at University College (Anatomy Theatre), Gower St., W.C.1. Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London. A course of three lectures on "Our MSS. of the Latin Classics" will be given by Professor R. A. B. Mynors (Cambridge), at 5.30 p.m., on Feb. 17, 20 and 24, at King's College, Strand, W.C.2. Admission free, without ticket.

GRESHAM College, Basinghall St., E.C.2. Four Lectures on "Shakespeare's Roman Tragedies" will be given by the Prof. in Rhetoric Nevill Coghill, Esq., M.A., Mon. to Thurs., Feb. 13 to 16. Lectures are free and begin at 5.30 p.m.

NATIONAL Under 14's Council. April, 1950. Part-time Courses in Dramatic Work for Club Leaders and others interested in Junior Club and Play Centre work. Tutor: Miss E. M. Carter, Coventry City Training College. Full particulars from Organising Secretary, N.U.F.C. Mary Ward Settlement, Tavistock Place, W.C.1. EUS. 7513.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—Continued

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham Education Department. Diploma in Educational Psychology. Applications are invited for the one-year post-graduate course leading to the Diploma in Educational Psychology. Closing date for applications May 1, 1950. The Diploma is a qualification for work in child guidance clinics and the psychological services of Local Education Authorities. Students qualify for a Ministry of Education grant up to £300 p.a. Application forms and full particulars may be obtained from The Head of the Education Department, The University, Edmund St., Birmingham, 3.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham Education Department. Diploma in the Psychology of Childhood. Applications are invited for this one-year full-time course, beginning in October, 1950. The course is open to experienced teachers and students will be eligible for a grant from the Ministry of Education. The course should be of value to those wishing to train for lectureships in education, special class or special school work. Application forms and full particulars may be obtained from the Head of the Education Department, The University, Edmund St., Birmingham, 3. Closing date for applications May 1, 1950.

NORTH Regional Association for the Blind. Arrangements for a Training Course for Prospective Home Teachers of the Blind are in course of preparation. The Course will commence late September or early October, 1950, and continue until the end of June, 1951. It will prepare candidates for the examination for the Home Teaching Certificate of the College of Teachers of the Blind to be held in July, 1951. Candidates must be between 21 and 40 years of age on the date of the examination. This Certificate is the requisite qualification for the post of Home Teacher of the Blind, the usual salary paid being £300 by annual increments of £15 to £435 per annum. The fee for the Course is sixty guineas and full details can be obtained from the Secretary, North Regional Association for the Blind, 17 Bleinheim Terrace, Leeds, 2.

UNIVERSITY College, Southampton. Certificate in Social Studies. Applications can now be received for the Certificate Course in Social Studies intended for men and women. The new Session begins on October 2, 1950. Further information and forms of application may be obtained from the Academic Registrar, University College, Southampton.

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training for graduates and other educated girls. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Special courses for Political, Hospital, Horse and Library work; Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands, and in Management. Scholarships. Resident and day students accepted. Social amenities. Apply to J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab), St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd. N.W.3. HAM. 5986.

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FOREIGN languages. Enrolment daily for Day and Evening Classes. New classes commence each week. French, German, Spanish, Italian for beginners and all grades. Private lessons in all languages. Write, phone or call for prospectus (free): Schwarz Language Tuition Centre, Ltd., Dept. SAN, 10 Portman St., Marble Arch, W.1 (Tel.: MAYfair 4640).

LANGUAGE Learning with Talking Films. French Classes in Hampstead start Monday, Feb. 13, at the Universal Restaurant, 169 Finchley Rd. (near Finchley Rd. Tube Stn.). Beginners, 6.45 p.m.; Elementary, 7.50 p.m.; Intermediate, 9 p.m. Fees £1 10s. for 12 weeks' course. Trial lesson, 2s. Further particulars and details of classes in other areas from Joseph Harvard, 20 Buckingham St., London, W.C.2.

HUNGARIAN Language Lessons begin on Feb. 15. Register: Hungarian Cultural Institute, 22 Manchester Square, W.1. Wel. 6340.

SPANISH Vacation Course in April: Instituto Español, 58 Princes Gate, S.W.7. Tel.: KEN. 3139.

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